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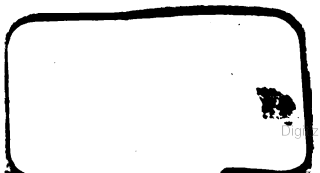

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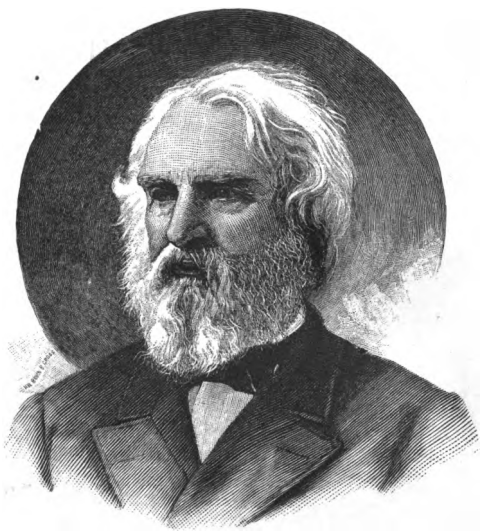

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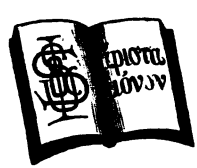

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

In this book the articles upon Gettysburg, Arctic Scenes, and a Whaling Voyage, were prepared especially for the purpose by actors in the scenes described and events narrated. That upon Samuel Adams was compiled by the author, Professor James K. Hosmer, of Washington University, St. Louis, from his popular work in the "American Statesmen Series." That upon Daniel Webster was written by Dr. Mombert, author of "Great Lives," etc.

"Spanish Glimpses" was compiled from Rev. E. E. Hale's "Seven Spanish Cities," and "A Colorado Week" from "Bits of Travel at Home," by H. H., with the kind permission of Dr. Hale and his publishers, Messrs. Roberts Bros., of Boston.

Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" and Macaulay's "History of England," by a considerable abridgement, afford two other articles.

The "Ethical Teachings" have been drawn from the sacred books of different peoples and times. Nothing has been included save what by the common consent of mankind in all ages has been venerated either as fundamental truth or scarcely less valued for its beauty and purity. Their striking interest and intrinsic moral force, as well as their great elevation of thought and expression, commend them to the purposes of this work.

The articles in this volume are much more extended than is usual in Readers of any regular series. The advantages of this continuous reading are not far to seek. Our aim is to foster and promote a love of good reading in school and home.

L., S. & S.

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GOOD READING.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

THE Battle of Gettysburg was fought on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, July 1, 2, and 3, 1863, between the Union Army of the Potomac, under command of Major-General George G. Meade, and the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, under command of General Robert E. Lee. The Union army had about 82,000 men, 10,000 cavalry, and 327 guns.

The Confederate army had 73,500 men, 11,100 cavalry, and 206 guns. As nearly as can be ascertained, the losses on both sides were about 8,000 killed and 35,000 wounded. In killed, wounded, and captured, General Lee lost nearly one-third of his army. Six generals of the Union army were killed and nine wounded. Five Confederate generals were killed and thirteen wounded. The total killed on the Union side embraced about one-

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eleventh of all the Union men killed during the war, which lasted four years, and included more than four hundred engagements. In the number engaged, the ferocity of the conflicts, and the losses that were suffered, this was therefore the greatest battle of the Civil War. With the single exception of Waterloo, which it fairly rivalled, it was the greatest in modern times.

The First Day's Battle

was fought almost wholly west of Gettysburg, between Buford's division of cavalry and the First and Eleventh corps on the Union side, and the advancing division of Hill's and Ewell's corps of Confederates. It began at 9 o'clock in the morning, by the artillery and pickets of the cavalry opening fire on Heth's division of Hill's corps, which was approaching from the west.

Less than one mile west of Gettysburg a ridge extends north and south, partially wooded. At a somewhat less distance beyond that is a parallel ridge of similar character, and just beyond that is Willoughby Run, where the fighting began. Branching out from the village two roads cross these ridges, one running north-west to Chambersburg, and the other south-west to Fairfield and Hagerstown. Between these roads

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on the first ridge stood a large brick building known as the Lutheran Theological Seminary. A little north of the Chambersburg road, and parallel with it, ran a railroad. Within this triangle, bounded on the north by the railroad, on the south by the Fairfield road, and on the west by Willoughby Run, there was terrific fighting nearly all day.

The Confederates came on in increasing numbers. Buford retired slowly before them, sheltering his men as well as possible, and at 10 o'clock he ascended to the belfry of the seminary to watch the battle and look for the approach of the First Corps. The first division was near at hand. General Reynolds arrived, conferred with him in the belfry, and soon went forward to place the infantry in position to sustain the cavalry. A portion of the cavalry, as soon as they were relieved, moved to the right and faced north to meet the expected advance of Ewell's corps. Archer's brigade of Confederates charged across Willoughby Run and endeavored to gain possession of a piece of woods on the east side. At the same time, Meredith's brigade of Wadsworth's division, known as "the Iron Brigade," charged into the woods from the east side to meet the Confederates. General Reynolds sat mounted in the edge of the woods, and as he turned around to look for the approach of more troops, a bullet fired by a Con-

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federate sharpshooter struck him in the back of the head and came out near one eye. He fell dead instantly, and his body was borne tenderly to the rear. The sad news spread rapidly through the army and caused general gloom.

The command of the field devolved on Major-General Abner Doubleday, who held it until relieved by General Howard an hour later, and who in fact, as commander of the First Corps, was all day long the controlling spirit of the rapidly shifting movements.

The battle abounded in detail, for the small Union force was beset by overwhelming numbers who pressed them in front, turned their flanks and compelled them to face frequently in three directions, while other organizations were fighting at right angles to them, and sometimes in their rear. Among the most gallant and successful charges was one by Colonel Lucius Fairchild of the Second Wisconsin, about the time of Reynolds' death, who dashed through the woods and suddenly enveloped Archer's right flank, capturing him and most of his brigade.

Doubleday had but four weak brigades to meet eight large brigades of the enemy, but he hoped for the speedy arrival of the remainder of his corps, and when Heth's division renewed the attack, he stubbornly contested every inch of the advance. At 11 o'clock the remainder of his corps arrived,

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accompanied by four batteries. The Confederate artillery raked every portion of the field, and their infantry came pouring down through the fields on both sides of the Chambersburg pike in large numbers. Reynolds' New York battery and Colonel Roy Stone's brigade of Pennsylvanians rushed to meet them, and here for an hour and a half the battle was so hot that Stone lost more than half his men, but held his ground.

About this time the Eleventh Corps began to arrive and take position on the right, thus strengthening Stone's position. From the belfry of the seminary, General Howard saw, as Reynolds and Doubleday before had seen, that if Ewell's corps should come in from the north, it would be necessary to retire to Cemetery Hill, on the east side of the village, in order not to be cut off from the reinforcements which were expected to come from that direction. Accordingly he left Steinwehr's brigade to hold that hill, and as it became the key to the position of the Union army for the next two days, General Howard afterwards received the thanks of Congress for selecting it.

At 1.30 P.M. Ewell's corps reached the field and formed a strong line of battle facing south, while Hill's line faced east. On the Union side most of the First Corps faced Hill, and the Eleventh

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Corps faced Ewell. The dangerous angle thus formed was held by Colonel Stone. At 2.45 the battle between the Eleventh Corps and Ewell's began. Slight gains were made by the Union troops, but at 3.30 Early's division of Confederates arrived and attacked the Union right with great vigor, capturing nearly all of Von Amberg's brigade, and pressing General F. C. Barlow, who was shot down, so that his brigade was obliged to fall back to the town.

While this was going on, Baxter's brigade, which had been sent to fill the gap between Colonel Stone and the Eleventh Corps, was attacked first on its right and then on its left, necessitating its changing front twice to resist. O'Neil's brigade of Confederates which made the attack was repulsed, but Iverson's brigade quickly renewed the attack on Baxter's left. Baxter had by that time got posted behind a stone wall, and his men held their fire until Iverson's brigade came within short range, when they arose and delivered a well-aimed volley, killing and wounding five hundred and enabling them to capture nearly all the rest. During this conflict one of Ewell's brigades joined one of Hill's and made a fierce onslaught upon Colonel Stone. Stone fell, severely wounded, and Colonel Wister took command. The brigade was driven back from the railroad to the

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pike, and reinforced by Paul's brigade. The 150th Pennsylvania faced west, and the two other regiments of Wister's brigade faced north. The former, under Lieutenant-Colonel Huidekoper, charged the enemy and repulsed him, though Huidekoper lost an arm in doing it. Colonel Wister was shot through the face, and the command then devolved upon Colonel Dana. Two-thirds of the brigade had fallen, but still it held the angle.

Hill's corps renewed its attack, and Doubleday was hard pressed along his whole line. The battle was raging from right to left. On the left, after five color-bearers of the 24th Michigan had fallen, Colonel Morrow seized the standard, but fell wounded. A private picked it up, and though soon mortally wounded, held it aloft. There were similar instances of heroism along the whole line. General John C. Robinson, whose division was on the right of the First Corps, had two horses shot under him, and out of 2,500 men he lost 1,667.

It was obvious that the decimated Union force must retire. General Robinson's right was turned, and General Paul was shot through both eyes in resisting the advance. Slowly the little army fell back, in perfect order, fighting nearly all the way, even through the streets of the town, until Ceme-

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tery Hill was reached and strong positions were taken up just before night.

Although the Union troops had lost nearly ten thousand men, the Confederates are believed to have suffered even worse. They did not see fit to renew the attack that night. This gave time for the rest of the Union army to come up, and the night was a busy one in making preparations for the morrow.

Description of the Field.

The field consists of an open, rolling country, with mountains in the distance. Five hills rise above the ridges, overlooking the surrounding country. The first is Cemetery Hill, just south of the village. Half a mile east of this is Culp's, and three-quarters of a mile south of this is Power's Hill. From Cemetery Hill a low ridge extends south by south-east about two miles to Little Round Top. This is a rocky eminence a little higher than Cemetery Hill, but not so high as Round Top, which is half a mile further south and is a small mountain. The Union line was formed upon and between these several hills, the left resting on Round Top, the centre on Cemetery Hill, and the right on Culp's Hill, with the artillery reserve near the base of Power's Hill. The line

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was about five miles long and faced outward; that is, the left faced west, the centre north, and the right east. These points of compass are not exact, but sufficiently so for a good understanding.

All of the Union army arrived during the afternoon and night, except the Fifth Corps, which arrived about 1 P.M., the next day, and the Sixth Corps, which arrived about 3 P.M. They were placed as follows: the Twelfth Corps on the right, at Culp's Hill, together with a part of the First; the Eleventh and the balance of the First in the centre, on Cemetery Hill; the Second on the ridge, known as the left centre, between Cemetery Hill and Little Round Top; the Third, at a lower elevation about half a mile in front of Little Round Top; the Fifth, at Little Round Top; and the Sixth, in rear of Round Top, or on its east face.

The Confederate line surrounded the Union line except across its flanks at the south-east. The two armies were about a mile apart, and the formations of each could be seen by the other except when concealed by woods and ridges. Longstreet held the Confederate right, Hill the centre, and Ewell the left.

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The Second Day's Battle.

The dawn of the second day found neither army quite in readiness for battle, but both were actively getting into position. There were frequent discharges of the rifles of the sharpshooters along the skirmish lines, and occasionally a cannon on either side would send a shell to disturb some new formation, but nothing like a battle opened until nearly 4 P.M., although Cemetery Hill was subjected to a severe shelling for two or three hours.

About 3.45 P.M. the Confederates opened a brisk cannonade against the advanced position of the Third Corps. Sickles' line was at an angle, the point resting in the Peach Orchard, east of the Emmettsburg road, and about a mile west of Little Round Top. Birney's division held the centre and left of this position, and Humphreys' division the right. Graham's brigade of Birney's division occupied the angle, De Trobriand's was at his left, and Ward's brigade still further east, his left resting in the rocky defile known as the Devil's Den, west of the valley in front of Little Round Top. Back of Ward and De Trobriand was the Wheat Field. Under cover of the artillery fire the Confederates pushed to the right, overlapped Ward's brigade, turning it to the rear, and a fierce assault was made

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by Hood along the entire south-western face of Sickles' corps. Eleven batteries were pouring a cross-fire down both lines of the angle, and while Ward was changing position to resist the third attack at the Devil's Den, Kershaw charged from the south, and Barksdale from the west, crushing in Graham's decimated line at the Peach Orchard, forcing back McGilvray's artillery, and capturing four guns of Bigelow's Massachusetts battery. Humphreys had sent a brigade and afterwards a regiment to reinforce Birney here, but without avail. Wofford's brigade of Confederates advanced through the breach and flanked De Trobriand on the right. He was already hard pressed in front, and after making heroic resistance he fell back to the Wheat Field. About the same time Ward was obliged to retire, but before doing so made a gallant charge, and held the enemy somewhat in check.

While this terrific fighting was progressing in the Devil's Den and among the rocks and trees west of it and in the Peach Orchard, General Sickles sent to General Sykes of the Fifth Corps, which had just arrived after a wearisome march and was taking coffee east of Little Round Top, for reinforcements. After a little delay Sykes sent forward Barnes' division. As they were descending the slope to the west, General Warren, chief of

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engineers, of Meade's staff, rushed down from Little Round Top and detached Colonel Vincent's brigade. A few minutes before that he had arrived at Little Round Top and been astonished to find it held by only the signal officer and two men. Geary's division had been there, but had been withdrawn to rejoin the Twelth Corps at Culp's Hill.

Warren saw the Confederates flanking Ward and pushing up the height. He knew that if they gained that position, the Fifth Corps would be endangered and the Third might be annihilated. Warren's timely action in bringing Vincent's brigade to hold that hill was one of the most important events of this most eventful battle.

They had scarcely gained the summit before the Confederates opened upon them at short range from the position they had reached along the south-western face of the hill. Not having time to load, Vincent's men rushed upon them with the bayonet, and succeeded in keeping them back from a spur on the side of the hill. At the same time Hazlitt's battery was pushed to the summit, and Colonel O'Rorke led his 140th New York from Weed's brigade of the Fifth Corps and took position on Vincent's right. They reached the line just as Ward was pressed back from the Devil's Den at their right. Elated with that success, the Confederates pressed

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for the hill with renewed cheers, and under the first galling fire that he encountered, O'Rorke fell dead and his line was thrown into confusion. Vincent rallied them and repulsed the attack, but was picked off by a sharpshooter, and the command fell to Colonel Rice of the 44th New York.

About this time General Weed was killed on the summit by a sharpshooter, and as Hazlitt bent over him, a fatal bullet prostrated him upon the body of his chief. Having failed to reach the summit, the Confederates hastily concentrated in the woods, pushed further to the right in the valley between the two Round Tops, and undertook to ascend Little Round Top from the south-east. Here they were met by Colonel Chamberlain and the 20th Maine, but Chamberlain's men were driven over the summit. Quickly rallying, however, they charged heroically and forced the assailants back. But the Confederates were too near the goal to abandon their attempt, and with yells and fury of madmen they again charged up the blazing acclivity and once more drove the Maine men over the summit, but only to be driven back as they had been before, ere they gained the coveted prize. Just as Chamberlain's ammunition was exhausted, and after one-third of his men were down, two brigades came to his relief, and with his own regiment leading in a

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gallant charge, they drove the enemy from the slopes and out of the valley to the west. Seventeen officers, five hundred men, and one thousand stand of arms were captured by the Union soldiers in this conflict on the left.

While this battle was raging on Little Round Top, the Confederates continued to follow up their advantages further west. Having turned back Ward's left, they pushed past him into the Wheat Field and assailed him in front, flank, and rear. He was obliged to change position several times to meet these assaults. At his right De Trobriand was pressed back across the Wheat Field, thus exposing Ward's right flank, and compelling him to fall back also. The crushing in of the angle at the Peach Orchard exposed the left flank of Humphreys, along the Emmettsburg road, and when he was charged upon in front by Barksdale, he, too, was obliged to fall back. About this time General Sickles received the wound which cost him one of his legs, and the command devolved upon General Birney. Destruction seemed imminent, but just then Barnes' division of the Fifth Corps came to his relief, and a gallant charge of two regiments drove the enemy from the Wheat Field behind the stone fence which bounded it on the south-west side.

Caldwell's division of the Second Corps then

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came from their position between Round Top and Cemetery Hill and formed in two lines for a charge, the brigades of Cross and Kelley being in the first line, and those of Zook and Brooke in the second. As they went forward on a run, the Confederate line behind the stone wall became a sheet of flame, and the batteries in the Peach Orchard opened upon them diagonally with grape and canister. The right of the line was cut in pieces before getting across the Wheat Field. The left pushed on, but its commander, Colonel Edward E. Cross of the "Fighting Fifth" New Hampshire, fell mortally wounded, and the line was broken. The rear line took its place and continued the charge. General Zook was killed, but Colonel Brooke made a heroic dash for victory, and though he fell wounded, the brigade went on with a shout and forced the Confederates back through their batteries. Caldwell sent Switzer's brigade to aid them in holding the ground thus regained, but being enfiladed on both flanks, they retired, with great difficulty and heavy loss. The Confederates pursued them across the Wheat Field, but General Ayres' division of regulars from the Fifth Corps charged down the slope north of Little Round Top, striking them in flank and forcing them back towards the Peach Orchard. The enemy, however, struck Ayres on his right, and were pushing to

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his rear, when he, too, was forced back to his original position, but not until he had lost nearly one-half his men.

The field, thus so many times fought over, was strewn with the dead and dying, the blue and the gray being intermingled over an area half a mile in width and a mile in length, and the smoke was so thick that many of the movements were obscured. No mediæval fancy ever pictured a more infernal scene.

When Humphreys' division along the Emmettsburg road was forced back, Willard's brigade of the Second Corps was forwarded to strengthen the wavering line. Willard was killed and more than half his men fell with him, but the remainder continued to advance and drove the enemy beyond the road. A little further north Hancock saw a portion of Wilcox's brigade charging for his main line. Colonel Colville and the 1st Minnesota were despatched to meet them, and Thomas' battery (C. 4th U. S.) was pushed down the slope, where it opened upon them with grape at short range. Colville, his lieutenant-colonel and major, and two-thirds of the regiment fell, but the survivors forced back the charging column. Instantly, however, Wright's brigade of Confederates appeared through the smoke, making for Thomas' battery, which fell

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into their hands, and passing it, they struck for Webb's brigade, which was then the only force holding the left centre of the main line. It was a critical moment, and General Hancock dashed to the right for reinforcements. Meade had anticipated him, and in a moment a portion of Doubleday's division of the First Corps came in on the double quick from Cemetery Hill. Webb's brigade, terribly decimated and pushed, was yielding at several points. Wright had actually pierced the Union centre, and for a moment all seemed lost.

Meanwhile the brigade at his left, which had rendered him such tardy support, made an effort to reach Thomas' abandoned guns. Hancock hastened to Colonel Randall, who had just come into line with five companies of the 13th Vermont. "Colonel," said he, "can you get those guns?" "Yes, or die trying," was the answer, and the line started on a charge. Randall's horse was shot, but, extricating himself from the saddle, he sprang in front of his colors, and with ringing cheers the Green Mountain boys threw themselves against ten times their own number, reaching the guns just as the Confederates were about to seize them. This charge was so impetuous, and the column seemed so likely to be supported, that the Confederates broke and ran. Randall's men drew back the guns amid the cheers

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of ten thousand men and instantly re-formed their line and charged back as far as the Emmettsburg road. From a small house they there captured eighty-three sharpshooters, and brought in two more guns from a position further at the left.

The field was very smoky, and the shades of night were falling fast. The battle on the left and centre was over for the day. The Third Corps had met with disaster in its advanced position, but the main line had been saved, and the tired and hungry troops lay down to await the morrow.

But the day's fighting was not over. The moment that Wright pierced the left centre, Ewell's troops were put in motion against the Union right, away around east of the town. Their attack did not fairly set in, however, until the battle on the left was over. Johnson's division on the Confederate left moved through a ravine, crossed Rock Creek, formed a line of battle in the meadow, and advanced against Wadsworth's division of the First Corps, which was intrenched on the east side of Culp's Hill. They were badly shaken by artillery before coming within range of musketry, and when they got nearer, and Wadsworth's infantry opened upon them with deadly aim, the attack quickly failed.

Johnson's left, further down the stream, was not so much exposed, and he succeeded in throwing it

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into a ravine and occupying some breastworks which had been left unguarded by Geary's division of the Twelfth Corps, when it was withdrawn by Meade to reinforce the Fifth at Little Round Top. General Greene, who was on the right of Wadsworth, swung the right of his brigade around into the ravine, and fortified the side opposite Johnson, thus protecting the Union right from being turned.

When Johnson was taking this position, Gregg's division of cavalry, which held the extreme Union right, opened a flank fire of artillery upon him, and attacked him with a line of dismounted men. Johnson sent a brigade to meet them, and the fighting continued till after dark, but they held their position.

While this battle on the Union right was progressing, Early's division of Ewell's Corps undertook to carry Cemetery Hill by storm. First there was an artillery duel, which lasted twenty minutes, and then the brigades of Hayes and Hoke, supported by Gordon, moved rapidly against Von Gilsa's brigade of the Eleventh Corps, which was posted behind a breastwork at the foot of the hill. Three batteries on the hill broke the left and centre of the charging column, but the right, being partially sheltered, rushed on with a yell, forced Von Gilsa from his position, drove him up the hill and captured one of the batteries, while the guns of another were spiked.

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Stevens' battery and the 33d Massachusetts regiment poured an oblique fire upon them, and just then Carroll's brigade, which had been sent from the Second Corps, together with two regiments from near brigades of the Eleventh, dashed over the hill with a shout, and the Confederates ran for life. Many surrendered, and many others were cut down in their retreat. Of this gallant column of "Louisiana Tigers," seventeen hundred and fifty strong, only one hundred and fifty succeeded in getting back unhurt. Thus closed the second day. The Union line was intact everywhere except on the right, and the Confederate foothold there induced Lee to renew the battle on the morrow.

The Third Day's Battle

With the first gray of dawn the Confederate artillery opened on the Union left and centre, evidently for the purpose of preventing reinforcements from being sent to the right. This cannonade lasted nearly an hour, and before it concluded, the Union artillery opened against Johnson on the right. He had no artillery, and so ordered a charge, thinking to capture some and gain higher ground. His advance was led by the old brigade of Stonewall Jackson, and it pressed forward under a withering fire from

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Kane's brigade of Geary's division, which it forced back until struck on the left flank by Ruger's division of the Twelfth Corps. This threw the line into confusion, but supports came forward and got partially sheltered. Here for four hours there was a continuous roll of musketry, easily heard by the entire armies of both sides, and the great clouds of smoke which rose above the trees showed that both were holding their ground. About 11 A.M. Johnson's troops yielded to a charge by Geary's division and fled to Rock Creek. This ended the battle of the morning. The Union right was re-established, and the troops had gained new confidence in the field and in their ability to hold it.

Lee's veteran army was fearfully decimated and somewhat disheartened, but he still had one division, Pickett's, the flower of Longstreet's corps, which had not been engaged. He determined to hurl this in one mass, strongly supported, against the left centre of the Union army, which Wright had for a moment penetrated the evening previous.

After Johnson's repulse on the Confederate left, there was a long and ominous silence.

At ten minutes past one o'clock, P.M., two signal-guns were fired from distant points of the Confederate line of batteries, and in an instant one hundred and forty-eight cannon opened their brazen throats

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and shook the solid earth. Ninety cannon on the Union side replied, and thus began the grandest artillery battle ever known in war. In quick succession, faster even than the ticking of a watch, came the deep thunder. Overhead the shrieking shells burst with a noise almost as loud, and their fragments hummed through the air like stones from a million schoolboys' slings. Occasionally the huge missiles would crash together and send down their iron hail. Frequently they would strike rocks and glance lengthwise the lines. Often they would strike and explode a caisson, thus adding volcanic fury to the hideous din.

It has been computed by artillery officers that there were some three hundred and fifty discharges a minute, which, with the explosion of the shells, must have made not less than ten loud reports every second. The sound was distinctly heard one hundred and forty-three miles away. The sight was for two miles a succession of quick flashes through the thickening smoke. The sound was a continuous crash, a whirling fury, a grand, blended roar. The effect upon the men was amazing. The prostrate infantry felt every moment that the next would be their last. Dante's Inferno contains no picture that did not pale in their eyes before the lurid glare of this mad reality. The men serving the guns seemed

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to leap like demons in wild delight, but in fact sprang to their dreadful duty in mortal terror. Horses reared, and plunged, and fell. Battery after battery was disabled and replaced, but with grim tenacity the long lines faced the fiery ordeal, and waited for what they knew would soon be worse.

The plain in rear of the batteries was swept of every vestige of life. Around General Meade's headquarters the horses fell so rapidly that he and his staff were compelled to go to a less exposed position at the foot of Power's Hill. The havoc wrought in the artillery was fearful. Eleven caissons were exploded between Zeigler's Grove and Little Round Top, and in the southern half of that distance the five batteries of Cushing, Woodruff, Brown, Rorty, and Hazard, lost two hundred and fifty horses, and more than half their men.

After an hour and a quarter of this terrific work, General Hunt, the chief of artillery, ordered the Union batteries to cease firing, and to replenish their ammunition. The reasons for this silence were not understood by the infantry, and they were greatly annoyed by the apparent defeat. The Confederates kept up their fire, and supposing that they had destroyed the Union artillery, pushed their guns further to the front and started their infantry on the most famous charge of modern times.

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Pickett's splendid division of nearly seventeen thousand men formed the front line. Extending back from this, on both flanks, were supporting columns in the shape of stairs. Those on the left were Pettigrew's division, those on the right the brigades of Wilcox and Perry. There would have been more on the right, but Kilpatrick menaced and held a large force behind their intrenchments. On came those veterans of a score of fights with all the steadiness of a holiday parade. The sun glinted across their burnished rifles, the swinging swords of the officers flashed in the light, the battle flags waved in front, and no man who saw the scene will ever forget its beauty and magnificence.

For an instant the prayer went up from ten thousand hearts, "Oh, that some divine touch would suddenly convert this march of death into a parade of peace!" but suddenly the revery was broken. A voice rang out from the line of the Union batteries, "No. 1, fire! No. 2, fire! No. 3, fire!" and in an instant there was an angry blaze and roar from Zeigler's Grove to Little Round Top. The solid shots swept through the advancing line, breaking it at frequent intervals, but it steadily closed and came on at a quicker pace. Fences were leaped, the Emmettsburg road was crossed, and the Union skirmishers began to fire and fall back. Then the artil-

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lery sent shells, and their explosions tore great gaps in the charging column. One shell killed and wounded ten men. Hundreds of others took fatal effect. Nearer and nearer pressed the advance, but owing to the diagonal direction of the ridge, the march took them too far to the right.

Shortly after the Emmettsburg road was crossed, the column moved to the left, and by some mistake Wilcox became separated from the right. After getting their centre opposite the position where Wright had penetrated the Union line the evening before, down they plunged into the shallow valley, and the artillery rained upon them a shower of grape and canister. Stannard's brigade of Vermonters, consisting of the 13th, 14th, and 16th regiments, sprang forward a few rods from the Union line, at a point nearly opposite Pickett's right, and threw themselves upon the earth. As soon as the Union skirmishers fell back through the line, Stannard gave the order to fire. It had been anxiously awaited, and a deliberate aim had been secured. The havoc wrought on Pickett's right was dreadful, and the men huddled to the left. At that moment Webb's and Gibbon's divisions met them in front with a terrific volley. But the Confederates continued to load, fire, concentrate, and advance. Hancock rode to the front, but fell wounded into the arms of Stan-

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nard's aides. Great sheets of fitful flame and smoke flashed in front of the lines, standards waved and fell and were again uplifted, the artillery of both sides tore through the ranks wherever they could aim past or over their own men, and the spiteful whizz of bullets, the rattling roll of rifles, the pounding din of cannon, the encouraging shouts of officers, the cheers of Yankees, and the "rebel yell," all blended in a fury indescribable.

Already the lines were so near together that the blanched faces of the men could be distinctly seen. Every motion was quick. Every man exerted himself to the utmost. Onward up the slope pressed the gray legion. Garnett fell dead, and Kemper wounded, but every man became a leader. All lines were broken, all semblance of order lost. Men fell like leaves before the autumn blast, but others took their places. The Union line was reached and pierced.

At the head of the charging column, General Armistead shouted, "Give them the cold steel!" and the 71st Pennsylvania, then reduced to a thin line, received the shock and recoiled. One or two hundred Confederates leaped the low wall, and the 69th Pennsylvania was doubled back upon its centre. A wild shout of joy and triumph arose from the crowding column, and they pressed for-

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ward from the rear with greater haste. But the Vermonters wheeled upon their flank and poured in the most withering volleys at the shortest range.

On the ridge above, Brown's and Cushing's batteries had been destroyed, but young Cushing and a few men pushed down to the front the single gun that he had left, and, though mortally shot through the body, he shouted to his general, "I will give them one more shot, Webb," pulled the lanyard, and fell at the wheel of his gun.

The 71st and 72d Pennsylvania held their ground, Hall's and Harrow's brigades rushed to the breach, further to the right Alexander Hays' division kept back the supporting column, over the crest came a battery from the Union reserve, and on the left the Vermonters were gathering in the prisoners by the hundred. The great charge had lost its impetus. Armistead fell, mortally wounded, his gallant followers threw down their arms, the supports in the rear halted, hesitated, and turned back, and in an instant there was a wild rush for life by all who had not fallen or surrendered. The Union infantry and three batteries which had hastened to the front poured into the fleeing force a most destructive fire, and the gory field was strewn with dead.

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Meanwhile Wilcox's column, which had become separated from Pickett's right, had advanced towards the Third and Fifth Corps and was still pressing forward under a heavy fire of artillery and infantry. One of the Vermont regiments (the 16th, Colonel Veazey), which had broken Pickett's right flank, turned about and charged Wilcox's left. The Confederate artillery rained shrapnel upon the Vermonters, from which General Stannard received a painful wound, but they made a quick charge without firing a shot, and in a moment all was over.

"Prisoners by scores and battle flags in sheaves" were the trophies of their victory. The repulse had been successful all along the line. Four thousand prisoners had been gathered in. The field was gray with dead. The Union line was everywhere intact, and a great shout of victory swept along its ranks from Cemetery Hill to Round Top.

But the battle was not quite over. Hearing the sounds of triumph, General Kilpatrick thought it was time to turn the Confederate right flank. Approaching General Farnsworth, he said, "I wish you to dislodge the enemy from behind those breastworks." Farnsworth replied, "General, I have carefully scanned the situation, and am satisfied that if we can reach the works, which is doubt-

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ful, our horses cannot leap them." Kilpatrick said, "General, if you are afraid to lead that charge, I will lead it myself." Of course this ended the conversation. Farnsworth instantly placed himself in front of his brigade, and leading the First Vermont Cavalry, made one of the most gallant charges recorded in history.

The Confederates met them with a perfect storm of well-aimed bullets, emptying scores of saddles and felling so many horses that others stumbled over them; but still the veteran troopers approached the blazing breastwork. General Farnsworth fell dead, more than half the officers and men were unhorsed, but a few reached and actually leaped or broke through the works, only to find, however, that it was impossible to hold them. Striking with their sabres right and left, they turned back, and a few succeeded in getting away, though most of them were wounded.

It was a hopeless enterprise from the first, but it probably served to prevent an attempt to capture Round Top; and if it had succeeded, would have put the Confederates to rapid flight and caused a pursuit that might have ended the war.

Be that as it may, the great Battle of Gettysburg was over. Lines were maintained for twenty-four hours, but soon after nightfall of the third of

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July, the bulk of Lee's army was on the march towards Virginia. The invasion of the North had failed. Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington were saved, and from that moment the preservation of the Union was a foregone conclusion.

THE CLOUD.

I AM the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For, after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child of the wave, like a ghost from the grave,
I rise and upbuild it again.

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THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

THERE is no more interesting region on our great globe, if one would judge by the large amount written thereon, and its wide circulation, than the Arctic part of our earth, or that region lying for about a thousand miles in every direction from the north pole. Yet once within these limits, it is cheerless and dreary in the extreme, relieved here and there by some of the most startling displays of nature, that are due directly and indirectly to the intense and prolonged cold of a night of many months in length.

It is a description of these wonders that has made this desolate land so interesting to those who know of these marvels only by the accounts brought home by the few travellers who have invaded this strange country. Huge mountains of ice, many times taller than the masts of the vessels cruising through these cold and ice-laden waters, float around in the deep oceans of the north, like so many colossal islands of pure crystal; grand rivers and island lakes

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of ice, many hundreds of feet in thickness, cover the rugged mountain land of the Arctic islands, while in the depths of winter the cold is so great that the wide waters of great bays, channels, and even oceans are almost covered with a sheet of ice ten and twelve feet thick.

In such intensely low temperatures as those of the Arctic winter the white men from the temperate regions breathing the terribly cold atmosphere act like drunken men, so curious and severe is the effect upon them. Mercury, with which we measure the temperature in thermometers, even to the lowest extent we ever have the cold with us, in the Arctic winter will freeze as hard as iron, and polar travellers have cast this curious frozen mass into bullets and fired them out of their guns through thick boards.

The sun, if seen, is often surrounded by singular rainbow-like rings, called parhelia, which may vary from a single ring, not very distinct, above or below the sun, but quite brilliant at the sides, to the most complex and fantastic arrangements of many rings cutting across each other, but all of them always arranged symmetrically around the sun as a centre. It is said to be the sun's rays refracted through the crystals of frozen moisture in the air.

In the short summer time of the high latitudes

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the sun shines constantly throughout the twenty-four hours, never disappearing from view, even at midnight, unless it be temporarily behind some cloud or fog-bank, and there is perpetual day for many weeks at a time.

And there is an equal but reversed state in the winter time, when for days the sun is never seen, even at noon, and there is perpetual night for many long weeks, broken only now and then by the silvery light of the full moon on the vast wastes of white snow or the glitter of the bright stars that glisten like the most dazzling diamonds in the keen, bitter, cold air of the long Arctic night, making the ceaseless tracts of pearl-like snow and vast expanse of fields of ice, with the hugh white bergs, look like a spectral land, that one remembers always as if it were the picture of some half-confused and ghostly dream.

Over the open water spaces of the ocean or great bays not completely frozen over, be it summer or winter, huge black clouds of vapor hang, like an approaching thunder shower on the horizon, and these the polar travellers call "the water-sky," and by this means the navigator of these northern waters often can tell quite far ahead what places to seek or to avoid, when on his summer's cruise; for it is only at this season of the year, and for a very short

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time, too, that the polar waters can be navigated at all, so heavily laden are they with the huge fields and cakes of thick ice, making it dangerous for the staunchest built vessels to penetrate.

Sometimes, when a vessel is approaching distant ice-fields, though not in sight, their presence is often assured by a peculiar yellow tinge in the light vapors overhanging the distant ice-pack, which the northern mariners call the "ice-blink." By watching closely where there are breaks in the yellowish tinge, or ice-blink, as where the water-sky interposes its black vapors, the pilot of the ship can tell even at these extreme distances, often fifteen to twenty miles away, not only that there are fields of ice far ahead, but just for what points to steer in order to find the most likely openings in these ice-fields, that will allow his ship to pass through safely to the open water beyond.

To go into the thick ice of the polar seas vessels must be built in the strongest way imaginable. They are braced and counterbraced with so many strong beams of wood and iron, that the vessels often act as if they were more like a solid piece of wood than a hollow affair. When two great cakes or fields of ice have come together against the sides of one of these stoutly built Arctic ships, instead of crushing it as they would an ordinary vessel, which

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would probably give way, almost like an egg-shell, the huge ship has been known to be lifted completely from the water, squeezed out like a cherry-stone between a boy's thumb and finger, and laid high and dry on the thick ice, until the immense pressure on the floes was relieved, and the cakes of ice were allowed to separate again, and drop the vessel into the water, once more to pursue her course as before.

Most ships intended for Arctic navigation are thus made quite wedge-shape, so as to be lifted by the grinding edges of two colliding fields of ice, instead of squarely built, when they would be more likely to be crushed. As the winter approaches, these vessels cruising in the polar regions look for a good harbor in the land, and there put down both anchors till the bay is covered with ice, which acts as vice to hold them fast, and the iron anchors are raised and cut out of the thick ice.

Large houses are built over the ships with lumber brought along for that purpose, and walls of snow five to ten feet thick are put over this again to keep out the intense cold of the terrible winter. If the sailors take exercise out of doors, it is only when clad in the thickest furs, or heaviest of woollen clothing; while it is quite dangerous for such white people to make very long excursions from the imprisoned ships.

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I once knew of a sailor, belonging to a whale ship that was frozen in the ice for the winter in the northern part of Hudson's Bay, who having wandered away was nearly lost for the night. Just at dusk he was seen from the top of a high mast, some ten or twelve miles away, across the great bay, where the ship was frozen in. There were a number of Eskimo camped in their curious houses of snow around the whaling vessel, and when they heard of the perilous predicament of the poor sailor, — for it would be certain death to remain out over night in such terrible cold, — they hastily gathered a large number of their fine dogs and harnessed them to a sledge, and commenced a most exciting race of life or death to reach the benighted man before it would grow too dark to see him. There were said to be forty-five dogs hitched to the light sledge, and only two Eskimo dog-drivers on its top, with their long whips urging on the excited dogs, so the team fairly flew over the hard frozen snows of the ice-field that covered the great bay as if it was a flat white plain of land. Fortunately enough the man was rescued in good time and brought back to the ship in safety.

They are very curious people indeed, these same Eskimo! I lived for two years among them, and as I found life much more bearable in these frigid lands by living directly with them, and as nearly as possi-

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ble the very same as they did, I found out a great deal about their singular mode of life in this strange region, where no one would for a minute believe that a person would voluntarily take up his or her residence. Yet withal, these simple-minded people love their cold country, and would not live anywhere else if they possibly could.

They certainly are not forced to live in this cheerless clime by the aggressive and hostile Indians to the south of them, as so many people believe, but remain there for the same reason that the polar bears, the walrus, the musk-oxen, and reindeer inhabit this zone, simply because it suits their peculiar nature better than any other climate.

Whenever any of them have visited our own land, which we think is so greatly superior to theirs, they are always anxious to get back to their home in the far north. When I first went to the Arctic regions, I took with me an Eskimo, who had lived in the United States for quite a long while. He had adopted civilized clothing, and every one knowing of him thought he had very wisely renounced the rigors and hardships of his former cold country. I found it far easier to persuade him to return to the Arctic, however, than to come back to the United States after our two years were over in that land of desolation, and he remained among the Eskimo I had met,

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although they were not of his tribe, married among them, and lived there till his death a few years after, perfectly contented with his new lot.

They are a most cheerful and contented race of savages, seldom showing anything but the happiest dispositions, even during the greatest trials of privation. Hardly a winter passes by that they are not pinched for want of food once or twice, and every four or five years they go through some terrible sieges of starvation that try their physical powers to the very utmost.

I was through one of their formidable sieges, in a large village of Eskimo, in the winter of 1879–80, and their actions were painfully interesting indeed, as the food slowly disappeared. They did not distribute it equally among all, as white people would probably have done, and as we think is just, but feeling that when a favorable turn came in the weather, or whatever prevented their securing game, that the strongest and most active should be kept in such condition as to take full and immediate advantage of the opportunity thus presented, they would feed them the most to prevent their losing strength for their duties. Thus when even the weakest of an Eskimo village are almost at the point of succumbing to starvation, if there be an unusually active and successful hunter in the village, he will

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probably have been fed amply, all this time, to keep him as vigorous as possible; and should the wind die down, if that has caused their privation, he will be able to sally forth at once and be in the best condition to kill any game he may come across, and save those who may be very weak from loss of food, while had he shared with them, probably he would have been unfit for the very severe labor of Arctic hunting, though far from starvation, yet ultimately have to succumb to it from inability to hunt advantageously. It may seem cruelly unjust from our civilized view, but undoubtedly there are times, and very severe times too, when a large portion of a starving village of Eskimo are saved by this means, when by any other method they would probably have all perished.

When they have plenty to eat, however, they are a most jovial set of people, with contentment written on every line of their fat, rotund faces.

Their manner of eating is quite curious to behold to a person unfamiliar with it, and I will describe a common feast as I have often witnessed it in their villages. When some generous person — and their generosity is unsurpassed by any other tribe of savages, or even by many white people — has prepared a goodly amount of boiled reindeer, seal, or walrus meat, steaming hot, he goes to the front of his

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house of snow, if it be winter, or his tent of tanned sealskin, if it be during their short summer, and calls in loud tones, so as to be heard throughout the village, *Oo-yook! Oo-yook!* — the Eskimo for warm boiled meat of any kind.

It is not very long before a number of men and boys will be seen crawling out of the low entrance-ways of the snow-huts, or coming from the tents, a broad grin on their fat faces at the prospect of the hot meat, each one carrying a knife in his hand to be used in cutting the meat, this much being required to be furnished by the invited guests. Once within the snow-house or tent, they arrange themselves in a circle against the wall, the pot of steaming meat being at one end of the line nearest the host. As soon as enough of his guests, which means every man and boy in the village, have arrived, the master of ceremonies dives down into the pot with one of his hands, and brings forth a boiled piece of meat — a great chunk, never less than the size of his two fists, and often two or three times as large. As much as he can conveniently grasp with his teeth of the huge piece is put in his mouth, and this immense morsel is separated from the piece by a downward stroke of the sharp knife in his hand, with quite commendable dexterity; for one feels sure that he will eventually slice off the

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tip of the nose or the end of the chin, so close does he cut to those places, and with astonishing recklessness.

The huge chunk is then immediately passed to the next Eskimo, who loses no time in repeating the operation, and the piece of meat goes the rounds of the hungry circle, unless it has disappeared down the capacious throats of the first banqueters before it completes the circuit, when another piece is started around and partaken of more sparingly. Immediately after the chunk of meat has started on its journey of extinction, it is closely followed by as large a piece of boiled blubber.

They eat immense quantities of this latter in the winter, claiming that it keeps them warmer; and, no doubt, their ideas are correct. Meat after blubber and blubber after meat are kept passing along, till the pot is emptied or their enormous appetites are fully appeased, when, with grunts of satisfaction, they wipe their greasy fingers and slowly depart till the welcome sound of *Oo-yook! Oo-yook!* is again heard from some other tent or snow-house. And what a queer thing they use in wiping their fingers and faces! It is nothing more or less than the sharp knives with which they have been cutting off the bites of meat, and which they use for a napkin after they are through, scraping their faces and hands in the most

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adroit manner of every vestige of the feast; and, in fact, looking much cleaner than before. They not only use the knife to cut their food and wash their faces, but also to build their curious little egg-shaped snow-houses, whenever they are in their winter quarters.

It is a very singular thing indeed that such a curious material as snow should be used in constructing a house in these very cold climates, and that experience should show that they were the most comfortable of houses that could be constructed in these regions. Of course, in the exploring and whaling ships visiting these parts, the cabins can be kept as warm as the rooms in our houses at home; but if this is done, it becomes unpleasant and even dangerous to make trips or excursions from these very warm places out into the intense cold.

In the *igloos* (as the Eskimo call their houses of snow), on the contrary, the temperature is always below freezing, or otherwise the snow-hut would melt down; and after the Eskimo, or white men living the same as the Eskimo, get used to this low temperature so as not to mind it, they do not find it so unpleasant on going out of doors, however cold it may be there. It seems quite marvellous the amount of cold these nomads of the north will endure without suffering or complaining when living in this

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manner. It is, as I have said, always below freezing inside the *igloo*, yet I have seen little children, mere babies, three and four years old, playing around on the reindeer skins which are spread over the bed of snow, without a stitch of clothing on them. You would think the little hyperboreans would certainly freeze to death, an idea that is aided by putting your warm hand on their bare skin, when it seems as cold and clammy as a fish just out of ice-water; but they play around on the reindeer robes in a hilarious way that would convince any one that they were quite comfortable enough. The children play with the little puppies that have crawled into the *igloo*, harnessing them with toy harness, and making them pull the water pail, or hatchet, or something similar, around the floor of the snow-house, as if it were a miniature sledge.

I have known an Eskimo to take a frozen reindeer hide and hold it against his warm, bare body, not only till it was thawed out, but until it was thoroughly dried, so that he could make it into a drum-head for the simple instrument they use in their singings and performances. The hide had to be soaked in water to rid it of its hair, and when taken out in the intense cold it was frozen as stiff as a piece of sheet-iron, till thawed out in this singular manner. Many other equally marvellous accounts could be given of their ability to resist the cold of their climate.

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I once had a couple of Eskimo reindeer hunters who were camped inland, killing reindeer for a winter's supply of meat, and skins for clothing and bedding. One day they were lying on their bed of reindeer skins, inside the snow-house, when quite a noisy disturbance was heard outside, apparently on the lake near by. Ebierbing, one of the hunters, hastily donned a few of his clothes, and rushed out of the long winding entrance of the *igloo*. Outside, he saw a hugh polar bear breaking the thin ice with his paws, just at the outlet of the lake, and where he knew, by some sort of instinct, that fish was likely to be found.

Ebierbing found a musket on the outside, leaning against the snow-house, and knowing that it was loaded, he picked it up, and taking aim, saluted Mr. Bruin with a shot that lodged in his shoulder, but only wounded him. Ebierbing yelled lustily to Foolooah, the other hunter, inside the *igloo*, his head resting on his open hands, and stretched out full length on the reindeer robes, stark naked, and awaiting a report from Ebierbing. Foolooah instantly jumped up, and grasping his Winchester repeating rifle, rushed out of the narrow entrance, his head meeting that of Ebierbing's, who was returning, at a good round bump, that dazed both of them considerably for a while, giving the retreating bear

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a good, long start, when Foolooah saw him, as he emerged.

Nothing daunted, and despite his very thin raiment, which amounted to being naked, he ran after the bear, and after a chase of a number of hundred yards he got a good but a long shot at the bear, that was standing on his haunches watching the hunter, and succeeded in killing him. During all this time the thermometer was from ten to fifteen degrees below zero, and one would have thought amply cold enough to have frozen a naked man to death in the time Foolooah was exposed.

As I have said, they eat enormous quantities of fatty food in the shape of blubber, and this serves to keep them warm. The popular idea, however, that the Eskimos drink train oil, and all other kinds of oil, is erroneous, as they only use it as food in cases of dire necessity.

The common manner of hunting polar bears by the natives is, however, seldom so grotesque as the incident I have just related. They are generally encountered while sledging along on the shore ice of two or three miles in width, and while travelling from one village to another. As soon as a bear is spied by an Eskimo sledgman, he stops his sledge, and if the dogs have scented the game and know which way to make for it, he leans forward, and by

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a single action with the huge strap that passes through the rings of all the dog-harnesses, and that fastens them to the sledges, he liberates the entire pack of dogs, which go scurrying and howling after the rapidly retreating bear.

The Eskimo hunter follows on foot, gun in hand, as fast as his short legs will carry him along, and generally after running about a mile, he sees the bear ahead rearing upon its haunches and fighting the dogs that have brought it to bay. The hunter approaches quite near, to be sure and give the animal an immediately fatal shot, as a wounded animal is very dangerous and liable to charge the hunter if only hurt.

In fact, before guns were brought among them, they used to despatch even the most formidable polar bears, quite as large as the famous grizzly bear of the far West, with nothing but lances held in their hands. I once saw an old Eskimo in the North Hudson's Bay country, who had, when a young man, lost nearly all his scalp by the onslaught of a furious bear that he had wounded, and that had turned upon him, leaving his pate nearly as bald as if he had been scalped by an Indian, and which looked singular enough among the other Eskimos, all of whom have a long heavy covering of black hair on their heads. But far more often the bear

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loses his scalp, for they are good shots, and are brave enough to approach quite near to deliver them. There are not many polar bears killed by even the best of native hunters, and he who can show a score of one a year would be considered a mighty Nimrod among them.

Of other animals, however, they kill great numbers, according to the part of the Arctic regions where they live, as reindeer, musk-oxen, walrus, seal, and others. On the reindeer they depend for skins to make their clothing and bedding, and greatly prize the meat, which is certainly the most delicious in the polar zone, and would be deemed very palatable in any other. I know of but one tribe of Eskimo, however, that depend for their main sustenance on the reindeer. Among the Eskimo of North Hudson's Bay the main food supply is the walrus. The little children of the natives love to take the long bones of the reindeer, and splitting them open, extract the marrow and eat it; prizing it as our little folks do candy at home.

Another form of cold-country candy used by these northern children is nothing more than pure tallow, rendered from the suet of the reindeer. This tallow is poured into little pouches, made by stretching the webbed feet of the dovekie, or Arctic guillemot; and as these feet are a brilliant red, a string of them,

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puffed out full of *tood-noo*, as the Eskimo call this reindeer tallow, and hanging against the white walls of the snow-house, makes quite a pretty sight, especially in this desolate country, where so few pretty sights are to be had, and where a little bright red color relieves the monotonous white with a most cheerful aspect.

No sight is prettier than a row of little dovekies, sitting on the scarp of a rock near the seashore, their bright red feet looking like a streak of crimson paint as seen from a distance. The bright white stripes on their wings also add to the contrasting colors. Among the rough, broken granite rocks of the little islets, scattered along the shores of the Arctic seas, the dovekie lays its gray speckled eggs, so much the color of the rocks that it is very hard to find them. I have often searched the shores of an island, where the dovekies were seen in large numbers, and where they would go scurrying out to sea as I walked along, and yet not find a single egg, so effectually were they hidden, while some little Eskimo children would follow after, and get their hands and seal-skin bags full of them and bring them to me, laughing, to trade for beads, cheap jewelry, and other trinkets I had to give them.

The Eskimo people know nothing of money, and a person going among them, and expecting to hire

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their services or pay them for anything they have, must take just such articles as they will need. When I was among these people I had some curious cases of barter, and saw many others still more singular.

In Hudson's Straits the captain of a whaling ship on which I was taking passage encountered a number of Eskimo of that region, and commenced bartering with them. He gave a half-cupful of shot for four saddles of reindeer meat; twenty-five musket-caps, worth one or two cents, for five handsome white polar fox skins; and a half a plug of tobacco (one-sixth of a pound) for a nice polar bear robe worth not less than a hundred dollars in the markets of civilized countries. Other things were had in about the same proportion, the natives being eager to trade the very clothing off their backs for the mere pittances they got, the whaling crew being anxious to get this warm skin clothing for their coming winter's imprisonment in the ice. I secured three dogs, all they had brought with them from the shore in their rough sealskin scow or boat; and when I gave them something near their true value, for I was not a little disgusted with the Shylock manner in which they had been treated, their astonishment at this apparent generosity knew no bounds, and one ragged, dirty old fellow so insisted on rubbing noses with me, that despite the fact that it signified eternal friendship, I

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almost repented of my justice to them. I generally gave a can of powder (one pound), a box of one hundred caps, and fifty bullets for a dog, and double to treble that amount for a leader of a team of dogs.

The dogs are generally hitched to the sledges by traces from twelve to twenty feet long, the dog having the longest trace, and which is therefore ahead, being called the leader. By words of command from the Eskimo dog-driver, the leader is made to go ahead, stop, turn to the right or left, or go faster or slower, and as it goes, so the other dogs follow. As so much more is required of this particular dog in an intelligent way, it is worth two or three of the other dogs of the team.

These words of command to the dogs are the most terrible tongue-twisting and guttural affairs, so that it is impossible to represent them properly in the letters of our language, and very hard, indeed, for a white man to pronounce at all so that the dogs can understand him. I never heard of a white man who could do well in driving a team of Eskimo dogs. When the children are mere babes, they have toy harness, and drive the little puppies around the snow-house or the sealskin tent, and when they get a little older, help their elder brothers catch the dogs and harness them, so by the time they are young men they are excellent dog-drivers, without knowing just when their education began.

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The Eskimo use their dogs for a great variety of purposes besides merely hauling their sledges over the snow in the winter time. They employ them in hunting in many ways. I have already described the method they adopt in the chase of the polar bear.

When they come across the fresh trail of a herd of musk-oxen, they stop the sledge or sledges, and the best hunting dogs are taken out. The hunters take the long traces of the dogs either in their hand, or tie them in a slip-noose about their waists, and, gun on shoulder, start at once upon the trail. Each hunter has from one to three dogs attached to him in this way, and can go very rapidly over the trail, the animals towing him along, so to speak. Whenever a hunter comes to a hill, he slides down on his feet, while in a squatting position, throwing the snow to the sides like dust from a rolling wagon-wheel, till the bottom is reached, where he throws himself at full length upon the snow, and the excited dogs drag him up the slope like a light sledge, till the top is reached, when, regaining his feet, he runs on at a constantly accelerating gait.

The well-trained Eskimo dog never barks in the presence of game till it is liberated from the leash to bring the animals to bay. When the herd of musk-oxen is descried in the distance, and the dogs have

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sighted it, the foremost hunters commence slipping their dogs to bring them to bay, and now for the first time these intelligent creatures give tongue in deep, long baying, as they disappear over the crests of the hills in a perfect bewilderment of flying snow and fluttering harness-lines streaming in the air. Within a mile or two, the herd of musk-oxen are generally brought to bay by the pack of dogs, the Eskimo coming on to complete their destruction as fast as they can run. A large herd of musk-oxen brought to bay by a good-sized pack of dogs present a most formidable looking appearance as they stand in a circle, their heads pointed outwards, with great blood-shot eyeballs glaring like red-hot shot, pawing and plunging at the circle of furious dogs that encompass them.

But the most thrilling part of the exciting chase is to be seen when the hunters arrive; the blazing of the firearms right in the faces of the doomed animals, oftentimes so close as to burn their long, shaggy hair, makes up a scene that will impress one for life, if but once witnessed, as I did on the high rolling hills between Hudson's Bay and the Arctic Ocean.

As fast as the musk-oxen fall by the fire of the hunters, the remaining animals keep facing outwards, covering as much front as their diminishing

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numbers will allow. When but two of them are left, they stand back to back, and fight their pursuers; and even when it is reduced to the forlorn hope of one, it backs up against the pile of its slaughtered companions and wages the unequal contest. When they form a circle of defence, if there are any calves too small to take their place in the front line, they are kept in the hollow of the circle, and when their elders are all dead, the little things also form a line, and with an instinct born of the species, show fight to the very last. They are readily captured by the Eskimo, but there are no means of keeping them alive, or from the depredations of the dogs, so they are either let go to join some other more fortunate band of musk-oxen, or killed if their meat is needed. As a consequence, no live musk-ox has ever been seen in a menagerie of the temperate climates, and but very few prepared specimens are to be found in the museums.

It is an extremely interesting animal, and with the bringing in of firearms to the Eskimo country, and their use by the natives, the day is probably not far distant when they will be exterminated like the bisons, or buffaloes as they are called, of the great western plains, which they so closely resemble.

Before leaving the hunting adventures I must relate a method I have seen used several times for

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securing reindeer, when the weather is so foggy that nothing can be seen any distance, unless one stumbles right upon it. They — the Eskimos — then take a well-trained hunting dog with a keen scent, the party generally consisting of a man and boy, the man having the gun with him. The boy takes the dog's harness in his hand or ties it around his waist, and the party starts out.

Of course the hunter knows the general locality of the reindeer, or where they are likely to be found, and he makes a great circuit around this locality, keeping on that side away from the wind, or where the breeze blowing over the herds of reindeer, if there be any, will blow to his dog's nose, which will immediately be shown by that intelligent animal throwing his head high in the air, and sniffing the wind.

The hunting party now change their course, and go directly against the wind; and as the scent of the reindeer gets fresher and fresher, it is shown by the increased excitement and action of the dog. When very near the game, any attempt to stop will be followed by frantic jumpings and jerkings at the trace, but, as I said before, relating the musk-ox hunt, the well-trained dog never barks till he is released by the hunter; so there is but little danger of frightening the reindeer. When the dog's action shows

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plainly that the game is not far ahead, the boy stops, holding the dog, while the man, gun in hand, creeps forward, until he is rewarded with the sight of the animals, looking three or four times as big as life, when viewed through the distorting fog, and probably not over ten or fifteen yards away.

If he is a good hunter, he will get one or two animals; and if the herd is large and becomes bewildered and running around him, probably three or four of them. If there is snow on the ground, the hunters may bring two or three dogs; and if a reindeer is secured, drag him home, its own skin making a good sledge if it be dragged head-foremost. Once Fooloooah, my best Eskimo hunter, killed three reindeer in a dense fog, and when we had no meat in our camp. Fine a hunter as he was on all occasions, I certainly thought we had to go without a meal on that day, but he agreeably surprised us, as I have narrated.

Fooloooah was a most wonderfully successful hunter, and on a sledge journey of nearly a year in length, he killed two hundred thirty-six of the five hundred twenty-two reindeer slain, all of the polar bear, seven in number, about half of the musk-oxen, and seventy out of the eighty-five seal; yet there were four full-grown Eskimo hunters, three good-sized boys, and four white men to compete with him.

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The seal is the wariest of all animals in the Arctic regions, and the hardest for the hunter to secure. The Eskimô think they are doing well if they get one in three that they start after; yet I think Foo-looah got fully two out of every three he attempted to secure. Three of the reindeer he killed was when the thermometer was sixty-eight degrees below zero.

The coldest we saw it on our sledge journey was seventy-one degrees below zero, or one hundred three degrees below the freezing point, which intense cold we encountered on the 3d of January, 1880. That day we moved our camp some ten miles to the south-westward, and the temperature did not feel extremely unpleasant until just as we were going into camp, when a very light wind, floating our frozen breath lazily away, sprang up from the south, but coupled with the bitter cold cut our cheek-bones like so many razors, and we had to keep our faces turned from it, Eskimo as well as white men.

It is not so much the intensity of the cold, as measured by the thermometer, that determines the disagreeableness of Arctic winter weather, as it is the force and direction of the wind. I have found it much pleasanter for hunting, sledging, or any kind of out-of-door exercise, with the thermometer at $-50°$, $-60°$, or even $-70°$, with little or no wind

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blowing at the time, than in facing a rather stiff breeze when the temperature was fully fifty degrees warmer.

When the thermometer is seventy-one degrees below zero, the unclouded sky assumes a dull leaden hue, tinged by a deep brownish red in the vicinity of the sun, not unlike the skies we often see painted in the cheap chromo-lithographs. Clouds of vapor roll away from every animate being, as if they were enveloped in smoke, and the sledge with its ten or fifteen dogs, and three or four men in harness, looks like a starting locomotive enveloped in its escaping steam.

As one walks along on the snow, and the foot is lifted therefrom, it leaves a perceptible puff of smoke to float away from the spot, as if the person had stepped on a sponge saturated with tobacco-smoke which was thus squeezed out and liberated. Whenever a sledge party would stop to rest in a small basin-like valley, a fog-bank of this vapor would slowly collect which in a few minutes would completely obscure them from a person at a distance, but which would make their presence doubly certain from this very sign. Herds of musk-oxen and reindeer may be located by this means at from four to six miles away, and the native hunters claim, when at favorable heights, and on a clear day, at even double that distance.

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In order to increase our chances of securing game we often separated into three parties, that being the number of sledges, about a day's travel apart. By going to a high hill, near one of our camps, we could often see the ascending smoke from those camps before or behind, although eight or ten miles away by the trail.

During one of these separations, and when my sledge was in advance, I thought I would remain over a day or two to await the other sledges, as I had not seen their parties for four or five days, and I wanted to know how they were coming on. The second day, Ikqueesik, one of my hunters, came up with his sledge, reporting that he had been very successful with reindeer, but having lost four of his team of dogs. They had been killed by a pack of wolves making a descent on them in the evening, and killing that number before Ikqueesik could make an effectual resistance.

Hastily crawling out of the *igloo* to their rescue, he was seized by the breast of his reindeer coat by a huge wolf that he knocked off with the butt of his gun, and shot before it could make another spring. He was so incensed at the loss of his four dogs that he determined to kill more than one of the depredators, and did so by the most savage and cruel ways I have ever heard, and which I will briefly describe.

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The first consists in smearing clotted blood over the sharpened blade of a sheath-knife, and burying the handle in the snow, which is then converted into ice by pouring water over it. The hungry wolf, seeing the protruding upright blade clotted with blood, commences licking it, which results before it is through with cutting its own tongue badly, the blood resulting therefrom, so the natives say, keeping it at its deadly work, till it either bleeds to death, or more likely dies from thirst afterwards, from inability to lap the snow with the wounded tongue, the only way they can quench their thirst in the Arctic winter. One thing is sure: a dog will die of thirst if wounded in the tongue from being unable to lick the snow, as we lost one fine animal, Koodleuk by name, that received his injury in a tussle with a fellow in the middle of February, the Eskimo being extremely careless about giving him water during this time.

The other way of vengeance consists of taking a small piece of flat whalebone, about half the size of a foot-rule, sharpened at both ends, and rolling it into a compact helical mass like a watch-spring. This is bound with a wrapping of sinew string and coated with blood and grease, which, when frozen, holds the roll together, so that the sinew string can be cut every third or fourth turn. This mass is thrown on the snow with a number of similar look-

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ing baits, and is devoured along with them by the hungry wolf. When released from its frozen fetters by the warmth of the stomach, it elongates and kills the creature in a few days in the most horrible agonies.

EXTRACT FROM "THE ANCIENT MARINER."

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice mast-high came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken;
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound.

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SAMUEL ADAMS.

AT the Declaration of Independence Samuel Adams was fifty-four years old. Although his life was destined to continue more than a quarter of a century longer, and although the work that he accomplished in the years that were coming was important, his great and peculiar desert is for the work done during the twelve years from 1764 to 1776. Massachusetts led the thirteen colonies during the years preliminary to the Revolution; that Boston led Massachusetts is plain; it was Samuel Adams who led Boston. If the remark that Bancroft somewhere makes is just, that "American freedom was more prepared by courageous counsel than successful war," it would be hard to exaggerate the value of the work of Samuel Adams in securing it.

Though the sphere of his activity was to so large an extent the Massachusetts Assembly, he was not the less for that, the "man of the town-meeting." The Assembly was a collection of *deputies*, of whom each was the mouthpiece of his constituency, having

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the town-meeting behind him, which limited his action by careful instructions, kept sharp watch of his behavior, and suffered him to hold office for so short a term that he was in no danger of getting beyond control. The Assembly was, therefore, rather a convention of town-meetings than of independent *representatives;* and when Samuel Adams arrayed and manœuvred them in the west chamber of the Old State House against Bernard or Hutchinson in the east chamber, — the British regiments lying threateningly just at hand, — it was the Massachusetts towns that he marshalled almost as much as if the population had actually come from the hills and the plains, gathering as do the hamlets of Uri and Appenzell in Switzerland, to legislate for themselves without any delegation of authority.

New England had been prolific of children fitted for the time. For a suitable leader there was necessary — a man of sufficient ascendency, through intellect and character, to win deference from all, — wise enough to see always the supreme end, to know what each instrument was fit for, and to bring all forces to bear in the right way, — a man of consummate adroitness, to sail in torpedo-sown waters without exciting an explosion, though conducting wires of local prejudice, class-sensitiveness, and personal

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foible on every hand led straight down to magazines of wrath which might shatter the cause in a moment, — a man having resources of his own to such an extent that he could supplement from himself what was wanting in others, — always awake though others might want to sleep, always at work though others might be tired, — a man devoted, without thought of personal gain or fame, simply and solely to the public cause. Such a man there was, and his name was Samuel Adams.

In character and career he was a singular combination of things incongruous. He was in religion the narrowest of Puritans, but in manner very genial. He was perfectly rigid in his opinions, but in his expression of them often very compliant. He was the most conservative of men, but was regarded as were the "abolition fanatics" in our time, before the emancipation proclamation. Who will say that his uprightness was not inflexible? Yet a wilier fox than he in all matters of political manœuvring our history does not show. In business he had no push or foresight, but in politics was a wonder of force and shrewdness. In a voice full of trembling he expressed opinions, of which the audacity would have brought him at once to the halter if he could have been seized. Even in his young manhood his hair had become gray, and his hand shook as if with

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paralysis; but he lived, as we shall see, to his eighty-second year, his work rarely interrupted by sickness, serving as governor of Massachusetts for several successive terms after he had lived his three score and ten years, almost the last survivor among the great pre-revolutionary figures.

Among his endowments eloquence was not his most conspicuous power. As an orator Samuel Adams was surpassed by several of his contemporaries. His ordinary style of speech was plain and straightforward, rarely, it is probable, burning out into anything like splendor. For swelling rhetoric he was quite too sincere and earnest. He had his say and ceased. One may be quite certain that he was seldom tedious. He was never the "dinner-bell" of town-meeting or assembly; but James Otis and John Adams certainly surpassed him as orators, the former of whom might with good reason contest with Patrick Henry the title of "the American Chatham," while the latter was well called "the Colossus of debate."

Nor is it as a writer that Samuel Adams is at his best, although it is probable that he was one of the most voluminous writers whom America has as yet produced.

Enough of his work here has been recovered to justify a high estimate of his genius and accomplish-

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ments. It was an age of great political writers. Contemporary in England were Burke and "Junius"; in France, Montesquieu, Rousseau, and Voltaire; in America, Dickinson, Franklin, and Paine. Samuel Adams will bear a good comparison with them, generally offering for any shortcoming some compensating merit. If there is never the magnificence of Burke, there is an absence, too, of all turgid and labored rhetoric. If there is a lack of Franklin's pith and wit, there is a lack, too, of Poor Richard's penny wisdom. If we miss the tremendous invective of "Junius," we find instead of acrid cruelty the spirit of humanity.

If there is no over-bitter denunciation, there is on the other hand no milk and water. While he is never pedantic, one can plainly see his familiarity with ancient and modern literature, and in particular his acquaintance with writers upon constitutional history. The clearness of his style is admirable, his logic unvaryingly good. His intensity of conviction, both religious and political, sometimes makes him narrow. He can speak only in stern terms of a Tory; scarcely otherwise of a Catholic or Episcopalian; to free-thinkers like Franklin and Paine he did not at first find it easy to be cordial. But had he been more tolerant, he must have been less intense and forceful.

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It was, however, as a manager of men that Samuel Adams was greatest. Such a master of the methods by which a town-meeting may be swayed, the world has never seen. On the best of terms with the people, the ship-yard men, the distillers, the sailors, as well as the merchants and ministers, he knew precisely what springs to touch. He was the prince of canvassers, the very king of the caucus, of which his father was the inventor. His ascendency was quite extraordinary, and no less marked over men of ability than over ordinary minds.

Always clear-headed and cool in the most confusing turmoil, he had ever at command, whether he was button-holing a refractory individual, or haranguing a Faneuil Hall meeting, a simple, but most effective style of speech. As to his tact, was it ever surpassed? He introduced Hancock into the public service, as he did a dozen others. It is curious to notice how he knew afterwards in what ways, while he stroked to sleep Hancock's vanity and peevishness, to bring him, all unconscious, to bear, — now against the Boston Tories, now against the English ministry, now against prejudice in the other colonies.

Penniless as he was himself, it was a great point, when the charge was made that the Massachusetts leaders were desperate adventurers who had nothing

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to risk, to be able to parade Hancock in his silk and velvet, with his handsome vehicle and aristocratic mansion. One hardly knows which to wonder at most, the astuteness or the self-sacrifice with which, in order to present a measure effectively or to humor a touchy co-worker, he continually postpones himself, while he gives the foreground to others.

As Samuel Adams's followers often did not know that they were being led, so, possibly, he himself failed to see sometimes that he was leading, believing himself to be the mere agent of the will of the great people, which decided this way or that. Quite careless was he as regards wealth, as regards his position before his contemporaries and in history. Time and again the credit for great measures which he originated was given to men who were simply his agents, and there was never a remonstrance from him; time and again the men whom he brought forward from obscurity, and whom he set here and there with scarcely more volition of their own than so many chess-men, stood in an eminence before the world which is not yet lost, obscuring the real master. Papers which would have established his title to a position among the greatest, he destroyed by his own hand, or left at hap-hazard.

If we briefly sum up the services he rendered, it

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is easy to see how the men of his own day came to set him by the side of Washington, and how writers of our time, like John Fiske, can declare him "second only to Washington." The instructions to the Boston representatives in 1764, in which Samuel Adams spoke for the town, emerging then, at the age of forty-two, into the public life where he remained to the end, contain the first suggestion ever made in America for a meeting of the colonies looking toward a resistance to British encroachments. From that paper came the "Stamp Act Congress."

While the contemporaries of Samuel Adams rejoiced over the repeal of the Stamp Act, he saw in the declaration of Parliament by which it was accompanied, — "that it was competent to legislate for the colonies in all cases whatsoever," — plain evidence that more trouble was in store; and he was the most influential among the few who strove to prevent a disastrous supineness among the people. From this time forward, in Massachusetts, until the Battle of Lexington, the substantial authorship of almost every state paper of importance can be traced to him; so, too, the initiation of almost every great measure.

Nor was he the less a man of national importance from the circumstance that his activity in so great

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part was circumscribed by the limits of the Province. As in Massachusetts the stirrings of freedom were most early and most earnestly felt, so for many years this Province was a battle-ground in which arbitrary power and popular liberty were hotly contending, while the remaining Provinces had little to disturb their peace. "Boston is suffering in the common cause," became the cry of America, at the time of the Port Bill, in 1774. Massachusetts had been no less suffering in the common cause for a full decade before, the long parliamentary wrestle between her General Court and the royal governors having been waged for the benefit of the whole thirteen colonies no less than for herself.

Elsewhere, no doubt, there was disturbance: in Virginia, in particular, the discord was grave between the Burgesses and the royal representatives. Massachusetts, however, was far more than any other Province the field of strife, the critical point beyond all others being the Old State House in Boston, with the royal governors Hutchinson or Bernard in one end, and the Assembly in the other. The great leader of the Massachusetts town-meetings manœuvred and fought in a small space; but what was done was done for an entire continent. It was no combat of mere local significance. Who can estimate the greatness of the interests involved?

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From 1768, perhaps from an earlier period, he saw no satisfactory issue from the dispute but in the independence of America, and began to labor for it with all his energy. It had been a dream with many, indeed, that some time there was to be a great independent empire in this western world; but no public man saw so soon as Samuel Adams, that in the latter half of the eighteenth century, the time for it had come, and that to work for it was the duty of all patriots. If we passed in review the great figures of our Revolutionary epoch, one by one, it would be seen that neither then, seven years before the Declaration of Independence, nor long after, was there a man except Samuel Adams, who looked forward to it and worked for it.

The people generally had not conceived of the attainment of independence as a present possibility. Those who came to think it possible, like Franklin, Dickinson of Pennsylvania, and James Otis, shrank from the idea as involving calamity, and only tried to secure a better regulated dependence. As late as 1775, the idea of separation, according to Jefferson, had "never yet entered into any person's mind." It was well known, however, what were the opinions of Samuel Adams. He was isolated even in the group that most closely surrounded him. Even so trusty a follower and attached a friend as Joseph Warren

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could not stand with him here. What Garrison was to the abolition of slavery, Samuel Adams was to independence, — a man looked on with the greatest dread as an extremist and fanatic by many of those who afterwards fought for freedom, down almost to that very day, July 4, 1776, when largely through his skilful and tireless management, independence was declared.

Let us look at a few incidents in Samuel Adams's career which illustrate his peculiar power.

As the spring of the year 1770 appeared, the 14th and 29th regiments had been in Boston about seventeen months.

About the 1st of March fights of unusual bitterness had occurred near Grey's rope-walk, not far from the quarters of the 29th, between the hands of the rope-walk and soldiers of that regiment, which had a particularly bad reputation. The soldiers had got the worst of it, and were much irritated. Threats of revenge had been made, which had called out arrogant replies, and signs abounded that serious trouble was not far off. From an early hour on the evening of the 5th of March the symptoms were very ominous. There was trouble in the neighborhood of the 14th regiment, which was stopped by a sudden order to the soldiers to go into their barracks.

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At length an altercation began in King Street between a company of lawless boys and a few older brawlers on the one side, and the sentinel, who paced his beat before the custom-house, on the other. Somewhat earlier in the evening the sentry had pushed or struck lightly with his musket a barber's apprentice, who had spoken insolently to a captain of the 14th as he passed along the street. The boy was now in the crowd, and pointing out the sentry as his assailant, began with his companions to press upon him, upon which the soldier retreated up the steps of the custom-house, and called out for help. A file of soldiers was at once dispatched from the main guard, across the street, by Captain Preston, officer of the guard, who himself soon followed to the scene.

In the tumult precisely what was said and done cannot be known. Many affidavits were taken in the investigation that followed, and, as always at such times, the testimony was most contradictory. Henry Knox, afterwards the artillery general, at this time a bookseller, was on the spot and used his influence with Preston to prevent a command to fire. Preston declared that he never gave the command.

The air, however, was full of shouts, daring the soldiers to fire, some of which may have been easily understood as commands, and at last the discharge

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came. If it had failed to come, indeed, the forbearance would have been quite miraculous. Three were killed outright, and eight wounded, only one of whom, Crispus Attucks, a tall mulatto who faced the soldiers, leaning on a stick of cord-wood, had really taken any part in the disturbance. The rest were bystanders or were hurrying into the street, not knowing the cause of the tumult.

A wild confusion took possession of the town. The alarm-bells rang frantically; on the other hand the drums of the regiments thundered to arms. The people flocked to King Street, where the victims lay weltering, the whiteness of the ground under the moon giving ghastly emphasis to the crimson horror. The companies of the 29th regiment, forming rapidly, marched to the same spot, upon which, with steady discipline, they kneeled in obedience to command, prepared for street-firing. The 14th meanwhile stood ready in their barracks. "The soldiers are rising. To arms! to arms! Town-born, turn out," were the cries with which the air was filled.

What averted a fearful battle in the streets was the excellent conduct of Hutchinson, the chief magistrate. As a catastrophe seemed imminent, he made his way as quickly as possible to the council-chamber, from the balcony of which facing eastward down King Street, with the soldiers in their ranks, the

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angry people and the bloody snow directly beneath him, he made a cool and wise address. He expressed heart-felt regret at the occurrence, promised solemnly that justice should be done, besought the people to return to their homes, and desired the lieutenant-colonels who stood at his side to send the troops to their quarters. "The law," he declared, "should have its course. He would live and die by the law."

The officers, descending to their commands, gave orders to the troops to shoulder arms and return to their barracks. No opposition was made to the arrest of Captain Preston and the nine soldiers who had been concerned in the firing, which was presently effected. The crowd gradually fell away, leaving about a hundred to attend the investigation, which at once began under Hutchinson's eye, and continued until three o'clock in the morning.

In good season the next forenoon, Hutchinson, sitting in the council chamber, with such members of the Council as could be assembled, was waited upon by the selectmen of Boston and most of the justices of the county, who told him that townspeople and troops could no longer live together, and that the latter must depart. Hutchinson alleged, as he had done before, that the troops were not under his command, and while the interview went forward,

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the selectmen were peremptorily summoned elsewhere.

To Faneuil Hall the people had flocked betimes, the number of the townsmen swelled by crowds who poured in from the country. William Cooper, the town clerk, acted as chairman at first. When presently the selectmen appeared, and things took on a more formal shape, Thomas Cushing became moderator, and Dr. Cooper, of the church in Brattle Street, by invitation of the multitude, offered an earnest prayer. Depositions were then taken, graphic statements of facts connected with the Massacre were related by various eye-witnesses, and then at length Samuel Adams addressed the meeting. What he said must be inferred from the action which the meeting immediately took.

A committee of fifteen was appointed, among them Samuel Adams, although he was not at the head of it, who were instructed to wait upon Hutchinson to demand the instant removal of the troops. Measures were then taken for a town-meeting in regular form at three o'clock in the afternoon, the selectmen preparing, and the constables posting, the warrants. While the people dispersed, the committee proceeded to discharge their duty, that they might be ready to report in the afternoon. Their spokesman announced to Hutchinson that it was the

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determination of Boston and all the country round that the troops should be removed. According to Hutchinson's own account, when he, with his Council and the officers of the army and navy stood face to face with the committee of fifteen, he reiterated his declaration that he had no authority to remove the troops. The committee, dissatisfied, waited after the interview in a room adjoining the council chamber.

At three o'clock the town-meeting assembled in regular form at Faneuil Hall, but the multitude, swollen by the people of the surrounding towns, became so vast that they adjourned to the Old South. As Hutchinson sat deliberating with the Council and crown officers, the crowd swept past the town-house, over the snow still crimson with the Massacre. It was a disorderly mob which the evening before had pressed upon the soldiers. But now said a member of the Council to Hutchinson, as they looked from the windows down upon the street: "This multitude are not such as pulled down your house; but they are men of the best characters, men of estates, and men of religion; men who pray over what they do." Nevertheless, it was the view of Hutchinson that the demand of the people for the removal of the regiments ought to be resisted, and he has recorded that it was not he who

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yielded. Colonel Dalrymple, of the 14th regiment, the ranking officer, had indicated that as the first intention had been to station the 29th at the Castle, though he could receive an order from no one but Gage, he would respect the expression of a *desire* from the magistrates, and would, if it were thought best, send the 29th to the Castle. The town's committee were informed of this, Hutchinson declaring that he would receive no further communication on the subject. The Council, however, with Dalrymple, induced him to meet them again for further deliberation.

Issuing, as we may suppose, from the southern door, the committee of fifteen appeared upon the steps of the Old State House, on their way to the Old South to make their report, Samuel Adams at their head. The crowd had overflowed from the church into the street, and the cry went before, "Make way for the committee." Samuel Adams bared his head: he was but forty-eight, but his hair was already so gray as to give him a venerable look. He inclined to the right and left, as they went through the lines of men, saying as he did so: "Both regiments or none!" "Both regiments or none!" Densely as they could be packed, the floor and the double range of galleries in the Old South were filled with the town-meeting, the crowd in the

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street pushing in on the backs of those already in place, till stairs, aisles, and windows were one mass of eager faces. The reply of the lieutenant-governor was rendered in this presence, — namely, that the commander of the two regiments received orders only from the general in New York, but that at the desire of the civil magistrates, the 29th, because of the part it had played in the disturbance, should be sent to the Castle, and also that the position of the main guard should be changed; the 14th, however, must remain in the town, but should be so far restrained as to remove all danger of further differences.

But now resounded through the building the cry, "Both regiments or none!" from the floor, from the galleries, from the street outside, where men on tip-toe strove to get a view of proceedings within. "Both regiments or none!" and it became plain what the leader had meant, as he spoke to the right and to the left a moment before, while the committee had proceeded from the council chamber to the town-meeting. The watchword had been caught up as it was suggested; and now with small delay a new committee, this time consisting of seven, upon which the town took more care than ever to put the best men, was sent back to the governor. On the list of the committee, while Hancock is first, Samuel Adams

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comes second. Probably the rich, luxurious chairman did not forget, even on an occasion like this, to set off his fine figure with gay velvet and lace, and a gold-headed cane. About four o'clock that afternoon, the 6th of March, the new committee entered the council chamber; and now as the power of the people and the power of the government, like two great hulls in a sea-fight, are about to crash together, in the moment of collision, on the side of the Province the gilded figure-head is taken in and "a wedge of steel" [1] is thrust forth in front to bear the brunt of the impact. Hancock disappears from the fore, and Samuel Adams stands out to take the shock! Day was already waning, and we may fancy the council chamber lighting up with a ruddy glow from the open fireplaces. John Adams long after suggested the scene that took place as a fit subject for a historical painting.

"Now for the picture. Glorious portraits of King Charles the Second, and King James the Second. Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson, commander-in-chief in the absence of the governor, must be placed at the head of the council-table. Lieutenant-Colonel Dalrymple, commander-in-chief of his majesty's military forces, taking rank of all his majesty's councillors, must be

[1] John Adams, who found the legitimate resources of rhetoric quite inadequate for the expression of his admiration for his kinsman, says Sam Adams was "born and tempered a wedge of steel to split the knot of *lignum vitæ* that tied America to England."

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seated by the side of the lieutenant-governor and commander-in-chief of the Province. Eight-and-twenty councillors must be painted, all seated at the council-board. Let me see — what costume? What was the fashion of that day in the month of March? Large white wigs, English scarlet-cloth coats, some of them with gold-laced hats; not on their heads indeed in so august a presence, but on the table before them or under the table beneath them. Before these illustrious personages appeared SAMUEL ADAMS, a member of the House of Representatives and their clerk, now at the head of the great assembly at the Old South Church."

Adams spoke in his straightforward, earnest way, asserting the illegality of quartering troops on the town in time of peace without the consent of the legislature; he described the trouble that must come if the troops remained, and urged the necessity of compliance with the demand of the town. Gordon says that the peculiar nervous trembling, of which he was the subject, communicated itself as he spoke to Colonel Dalrymple. Hutchinson showed no irresolution. He briefly defended both the legality and the necessity of the presence of the troops, and declared once more that they were not subject to his authority. Samuel Adams once more stood forth: —

"It is well known," he said, "that acting as governor of the Province, you are by its charter the commander-in-chief of the military forces within it; and as such, the troops now in the capital are subject to your orders. If you, or Colonel Dalrymple under you, have the power to remove one regiment, you

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have the power to remove both; and nothing short of their total removal will satisfy the people or preserve the peace of the Province. A multitude highly incensed now wait the result of this application. The voice of ten thousand freemen demands that both regiments be forthwith removed. Their voice must be respected, their demand obeyed. Fail not, then, at your peril to comply with this requisition! On you alone rests the responsibility of this decision; and if the just expectations of the people are disappointed, you must be answerable to God and your country for the fatal consequences that must ensue. The committee have discharged their duty, and it is for you to discharge yours. They wait your final determination."

At last, therefore, the formal recommendation came from the chief magistrate to Dalrymple to remove the troops. The soldier's word of honor was given that it should be done at once, and at dark the committee carried back to the meeting the news of success, upon which, so say the records, "the inhabitants could not but express the high satisfaction which it afforded them."

During this week occurred the funeral of the victims of the Massacre, which took place under circumstances of the greatest solemnity. Four hearses, for one of the wounded had meantime died, containing the bodies, and coming from different directions, met upon the spot in King Street in which the victims had fallen. The assemblage was such as had never before been known; the bells of Boston and the whole neighborhood tolled, and a great procession,

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marching in ranks of six abreast, followed to the Granary Burying Ground, where the bodies were laid in a common grave near the north-east corner. There they rest to this day. In England the affair was regarded as a "successful bully" of the whole power of the government by the little town, and when Lord North received details of these events he always afterward referred to the 14th and 29th as the "Sam Adams regiments."

The Boston Massacre has been regarded as the most dramatic point of Samuel Adams's career. One may well dwell with admiration on the incidents of his conduct. He believed with all his heart in the people, that they should be governed only by themselves or their representatives, and was perfectly fearless and uncompromising against all power, whether king, Parliament, or soldiery, which contravened the great right. While he moves in obedience to the principle he recognizes, how effective at this time is his work! As is so often the case, he is, for the most part, somewhat withdrawn, — not the moderator of the town-meeting nor indeed chairman of the famous committees, — but nevertheless the controlling mind.

His speech at Faneuil Hall in the forenoon of the 6th of March without doubt outlined the whole policy that must be pursued. When, as the first

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committee passed from the south door of the State House to the Old South, he kept repeating to right and left, "Both regiments or none," he guided the whole action of the people as the crisis approached. When, an hour or two later, Hancock stepped aside, and Samuel Adams walked forward in the council chamber into the spokesman's place, probably he was the one man of the Province who could then have brought the British lion to confusion.

He himself seems to have felt that it was the great moment in his life. For almost the only time in his whole career, we find something like a strain of personal exultation in his reference to this scene. Writing of Hutchinson's bearing in it to James Warren of Plymouth, in the following year, he says:—

"It was then, if fancy deceived me not, I observed his knees to tremble. I thought I saw his face grow pale (and I enjoyed the sight) at the appearance of the determined citizens peremptorily demanding the redress of grievances."

The contemporary historian, as we have seen, says that Dalrymple, too, trembled. We need not feel, however, that either soldier or civilian played then the part of the craven. The circumstances were for them full of danger and difficulty. The determination of ten thousand freemen was focused in the steel-blue eyes of Samuel Adams as he stood in the council chamber; the tramp of their feet and the

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tumult of their voices made a heavy ground-tone behind his earnest, decisive words. It was a time when even a brave man might for a moment blench.

By rare good fortune, the world possesses what is probably the best representation that could at that time have been made of Samuel Adams as, on that March day, he drove the British uniform out of the streets of Boston. John Hancock, two years later, employed the famous John Singleton Copley to paint portraits of himself and Samuel Adams, which hung for fifty years on the walls of the Hancock House in Beacon Street, which were then removed to Faneuil Hall, and are now in the Art Museum. Copley was at first well disposed to the popular cause. At the time of the Massacre he testified against the soldiers, and seems to have admired the bearing of Samuel Adams throughout the disturbances.

At any rate, for this portrait, he has chosen to give Samuel Adams, as he stood in the scene with Hutchinson in the council chamber. Against a background suggestive of gloom and disturbance, the figure looks forth. The face and form are marked by great strength. The brow is high and broad, and from it sweeps back the abundant hair, streaked with gray. The blue eyes are full of light and force, the nose is prominent, the lips and chin,

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brought strongly out as the head is thrown somewhat back, are full of determination. In the right hand a scroll is held firmly grasped, the energy of the moment appearing in the cording of the sinews as the sheets bend in the pressure. The left hand is thrown forth in impassioned gesture, the forefinger pointing to the provincial charter, which with the great seal affixed, lies half unrolled in the foreground. The plain dark-red attire announces a decent and simple respectability. The well-knit figure looks as fixed as if its strength came from the granite on which the Adamses planted themselves when they came to America; the countenance speaks in every line the man.

The General Court which had convened on the 26th of May, 1774, was memorable as the last under the colonial charter. The other colonies, as well as Massachusetts, were now ripe for the Congress, and Samuel Adams, who in the gathering Revolution had attained in his own Province an almost autocratic ascendency, prepared to secure the nomination of delegates. For a few days nothing could be done, for the newly appointed governor, General Gage, prorogued the Court, to meet early in June at Salem. The session presently took place in that town, and never had the hand of the great master been so deft and at the same time so daring: one

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moment pulling strings with the nicest caution, the next it was, as it were, clenched and delivered in a telling blow. But whether in the form of flattering palm or doubled fist, it ruled the hour omnipotently, and brought to pass a triumphant success.

Samuel Adams, working with the Committee of Correspondence to the last moment, then hurrying over the country roads to Salem, was late in reaching the place of meeting, giving much anxiety to the patriots, who followed him now like children, and much joy to the Tories, for the report spread that at last the soldiers had seized him. While the Assembly waited, he entered the hall. The Tories, made bold by the presence in town of a general as chief magistrate, with soldiers at his back, bore themselves with much arrogance. The pressure of the crowd of spectators in the hall in which the Court was to assemble was considerable, and a group of Tories had taken possession of the space about the chair appropriated to the clerk.

When Samuel Adams entered, one of their number, in a gold-laced coat and otherwise richly dressed, had seated himself in the chair, which he seemed disposed to retain. "Mr. Speaker, where is the place for your clerk?" said Samuel Adams, with his eyes fixed upon the intruder and the group that surrounded him. The speaker pointed to the chair

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and desk. "Sir," said Mr. Adams, "my company will not be pleasant to the gentlemen who occupy it. I trust they will remove to another part of the house." The Tories gave way before him, and his bearing soon dispelled the idea with which some of the Tories had flattered themselves, that Samuel Adams had been delayed by his fears.

The House at once after organization protested against the removal from Boston. The Council presented to the governor a respectful address; but when at last a wish was expressed that his administration might be a happy contrast to that of his two immediate predecessors, Gage angrily interrupted the chairman, refused to listen farther, and denounced the address as insulting to the king and privy council, and to himself. Affairs were indeed critical. Boston, with many of its Whigs weak-kneed and its latent Toryism all brought to the surface and made demonstrative by the display of power by the ministry, was in danger of adopting the most reactionary measures.

A town-meeting was called. Samuel Adams could not be in two places at once, and to Joseph Warren was left the responsibility of bringing things to a good issue. Warren, gallant as he was, felt his heart sink. He was like a general of division, who, having fought long with great ef-

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fect under the eye of an old field-marshal, suddenly in a day of the utmost danger finds himself intrusted with an independent command. He begged the generalissimo to come back. "I think your attendance can by no means be dispensed with over Friday, as I believe we shall have a warm engagement." But on that very day — it was the 17th of June, one year before Bunker Hill — there was work to be done at Salem too, and Warren had to fight it out by himself. With John Adams in the chair as moderator, the lieutenant on the floor brought all to a victorious issue. At that time he first realized his own great power and became self-reliant. Meanwhile Samuel Adams, in his field, having burrowed for days like a skilful engineer, at length sprung his mine, and in the most audacious of assaults carried the position.

A larger number of representatives had appeared than ever before, drawn together by the greatness of the crisis, many of whom were disposed to be reactionary, if not actually Tories. A committee of nine on the state of the Province, consisting of the principal members of the Assembly, and of which Samuel Adams was chairman, had been appointed in May before the prorogation. By this committee all action must be initiated. If a hint

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should reach Gage that the Assembly were engaged in the election of delegates to a Congress, it was known that he would at once prorogue the Court to prevent such action. Samuel Adams studied his problem warily. Sounding the members of his committee, he found some of them doubtful in the cause. In particular Daniel Leonard of Taunton, a man of ability, who is now known to have been one of the sharpest Tory writers, was to be dreaded. The plan pursued was to entertain in meetings of the committee vague propositions for conciliation, until the lukewarm or Tory members should form the idea that some compromise was likely to be proposed. Meantime Samuel Adams secretly made sure of those in the committee upon whom he could rely, and gradually ascertained precisely what other members of the House could be counted upon. All must be done with the most velvet-footed caution, and days must pass. A sufficient majority must be secured and instructed, so that the measure might be carried with little debate, as soon as proposed, and no hint of it reach Gage.

The days passed. At meetings of the committee the old cat purred of conciliation with half-closed, sleepy eyes, until the doubtful men were completely deceived. Leonard himself, at length, went home to

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Taunton on legal business, feeling that if Sam Adams was ready to yield, there was no need of being watchful. At once Adams set one of his best lieutenants, James Warren of Plymouth, an apt and faithful pupil, to keep the committee in play, while he worked as secretly but more actively outside. At first he was sure of but five; in two days he could count on thirty; at length he had under his hand a majority, and all was ready. One feels that if sharp-eyed Hutchinson had been on the spot, there would have been trouble. Gage, however, satisfied with his show of energy in rebuking the Council, and abundantly assured that the temper of the Assembly was peaceful, looked amiably on with his hands folded.

The spring at last was like lightning. On Friday, the 17th of June, one hundred and twenty-nine members were present. Sam Adams, at the head of the committee on the state of the Province, suddenly caused the door to be locked, and charged the door-keeper to let no one in or out. The next instant a series of resolves was produced providing for the appointment of James Bowdoin, Thomas Cushing, Samuel Adams, John Adams, and Robert Treat Paine, to meet the delegates of other colonial assemblies, on the 1st of September, at Philadelphia, or any other place that should be decided upon. The

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House was at once in an uproar, and an earnest effort was made to choke off the measure. But the majority rose in its power; the lieutenants, secretly drilled, were each in place, and the arch conspirator, cool and genial, but adroit and forceful as any man who ever ruled a senate, held every string in his hand. Attempts were made by Tory members to leave the hall, when it became plain how things must go. The doorkeeper, beset and browbeaten by heated men, grew uneasy under the responsibility which was placed upon him; whereupon Sam Adams, with a curious inversion of the great Cromwellian precedent, but with a spirit as self-reliant and straightforward as that of the other great Puritan brewer himself, did not turn his Parliament out, but bolted them in. Making sure that the door was still fast, he put the key into his own pocket.

Some debate there must be, and while it went forward, a Tory member, pleading sickness, in some way did manage to make his escape, and hurried at once to Gage with the news. Forthwith the general prepared the shortest possible message of prorogation, and his secretary hurried with it to the hall. The door was still locked, with the key in Samuel Adams's pocket, and even Thomas Flucker, Esquire, no inconsiderable personage himself, and now the messenger of the governor and commander-in-chief,

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demanded admission in vain. The fact that he was without was imparted to the speaker, who communicated it formally to the House, but the majority ordered the door to be kept fast.

By this time rumors of a great legislative *coup d'état* were flying through the town, and a crowd began to collect in the approaches to the hall. To these, for want of a better audience, and also to several members of the House who had come late to the session, Flucker read his message. No tactics, meantime, could long stave off the end at which Sam Adams aimed. The Tories succumbed, the doubtful went over in a troop to the Whig side, the delegates were elected with only twelve dissenting voices, and five hundred pounds were voted to pay their expenses. Since no money could be drawn from the public treasury without the governor's consent, every town in the Province was assessed in proportion to its last tax list, to provide the sum.

Resolves were then passed for the relief of Boston and Charlestown, as the special sufferers by the Port Bill, renouncing the use of tea and all goods and manufactures coming from Great Britain, and encouraging home productions to the utmost. All that was necessary having been fully and satisfactorily performed, Mr. Flucker was admitted, the Assembly with all grace submitted to

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the mandate of prorogation, and the members scattered. The horse was stolen, and General Gage locked the barn-door with great vigor.

Here we see Samuel Adams in the foreground. Generally, however, it is as the manager somewhat withdrawn behind the figures in the foreground, that he makes himself felt. In 1770, at the driving out of the regiments, he is not chairman of the town's committee that waits upon Hutchinson, but stands behind Hancock, only coming forward at the moment of danger.

Again, at the last great town-meeting before Lexington and Concord, March 6, 1775, the fifth celebration of the Boston Massacre, while Warren is the heroic central figure, Samuel Adams is behind all as chief director. On that day Gage had in the town eleven regiments. Of trained soldiers there were scarcely fewer than the number of men on the patriot side; and when we remember that many Tories throughout the Province, in the disturbed times, had sought refuge in Boston, under the protection of the troops, we can feel what a host there was that day on the side of the king. Nevertheless, all went forward as usual. The warrant appeared in due form for the meeting, at which an oration was to be delivered to commemorate the horrid "Massacre," and to denounce the "ruinous tendency of standing

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armies being placed in free and populous cities in time of peace."

The Old South was densely thronged, and in the pulpit as moderator by the side of the town clerk, William Cooper, quietly sat Samuel Adams. Among the citizens a large party of officers were present, apparently intent upon making a disturbance with the design of precipitating a conflict. The war, it was thought, might as well begin then as at any time. Warren was late in appearing; Samuel Adams sat meantime as if upon a powder-barrel that might at any minute roar into the air in a sudden explosion. The tradition has come down that he was serene and unmoved. He quietly requested the townsmen to vacate the front seats, into which, in order that they might be well placed to hear, he politely invited the soldiers, whose numbers were so large that they overflowed the pews and sat upon the pulpit stairs. Warren came at last, entering through the window behind the pulpit to avoid the press. A contemporary gives the following report: —

"The Selectmen, with Adams, Church, and Hancock, Cooper, and others, assembled in the pulpit, which was covered with black, and we all sat gaping at one another above an hour, expecting! At last a single horse chair stopped at the apothecary's opposite the meeting, from which descended the orator

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(Warren) of the day; and entering the shop, was followed by a servant with a bundle, in which were the Ciceronian toga, etc.

"Having robed himself, he proceeded across the street to the meeting, and being received into the pulpit, he was announced by one of his fraternity to be the person appointed to declaim on the occasion. He then put himself into a Demosthenian posture, with a white handkerchief in his right hand, and his left in his breeches, — began and ended without action. He was applauded by the mob, but groaned at by people of understanding. One of the pulpiteers (Adams) then got up and proposed the nomination of another to speak next year on the bloody Massacre, — the first time that expression was made to the audience, — when some officers cried, 'O fie, fie!' The gallerians, apprehending fire, bounded out of the windows, and swarmed down the gutters, like rats, into the street. The Forty-third Regiment returning accidentally from exercise, with drums beating, threw the whole body into the greatest consternation. There were neither pageantry, exhibitions, processions, or bells tolling as usual, but the night was remarked for being the quietest these many months past."

A picturesque incident in the delivery of the oration was that, as Warren proceeded, a British captain, sitting on the pulpit stairs, held up in his open palm before Warren's face, a number of pistol bullets. Warren quietly dropped his handkerchief upon them and went on. It was strange enough that that oration was given without an outbreak.

"We wildly stare about," he says, "and with amazement ask, 'Who spread this ruin around us?' What wretch has dared deface the image of his God? Has haughty France or cruel Spain sent forth her myrmidons? Has the grim savage rushed

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again from the far distant wilderness? Or does some fiend, fierce from the depth of Hell, with all the rancorous malice which the apostate damned can feel, twang her destructive bow and hurl her deadly arrows at our breast? No, none of these: but how astonishing! It is the hand of Britain that inflicts the wound. The arms of George, our rightful king, have been employed to shed that blood which freely should have flowed at his command, when justice, or the honor of his crown, had called his subjects to the field." [1]

The oration was given without disturbance, though the tension was tremendous. In the proceedings that followed the quiet was not perfect, but the collision was averted for a time. The troops were not quite ready, and on the patriot side the presiding genius was as prudent as he was bold.[2] Shortly afterward Samuel Adams sent the following quiet account to

[1] Frothingham's "Warren," p. 433.

[2] Hutchinson gives an interesting fact respecting this memorable town-meeting, in his Diary. "September 6, 1775. Col. James tells an odd story of the intention of the officers the 5 March; that 300 were in the meeting to hear Dr. Warren's oration; that if he had said anything against the King, &c., an officer was prepared, who stood near, with an egg to have thrown in his face, and that was to have been a signal to draw swords, and they would have massacred Hancock, Adams, and hundreds more; and he added he wished they had. I am glad they did not; for I think it would have been an everlasting disgrace to attack a body of people without arms to defend themselves.

"He says one officer cried 'Fly! Fly!' and Adams immediately asked who dared say so? And then said to the officer he should mark him. The officer answered, 'And I will mark you. I live at

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Richard Henry Lee in Virginia, which is taken here from the autograph: —

BOSTON, *March*, 1775.

On the sixth Instant, there was an Adjournment of our Town-meeting, when an Oration was delivered in Commemoration of the Massacre on the 5th of March, 1770. I had long expected they would take that occasion to beat up a Breeze, and therefore (having the Honor of being the Moderator of the Meeting, and seeing Many of the Officers present before the orator came in) I took care to have them treated with Civility, inviting them into convenient Seats, &c., that they might have no pretence to behave ill, for it is a good maxim in Politicks as well as War, to put and keep the enemy in the wrong. They behaved tolerably well till the oration was finished, when upon a motion made for the appointment of another orator, they began to hiss, which irritated the assembly to the greatest Degree, and Confusion ensued. They, however, did not gain their End, which was apparently to break up the Meeting, for order was soon restored, and we proceeded regularly and finished. I am persuaded that were it not for the Danger of precipitating a Crisis, not a Man of them would have been spared. It was provoking enough to them, that while there were so many Troops stationed here for the design of suppressing Town-meetings, there should yet be a Meeting for the purpose of delivering an oration to commemorate a massacre perpetrated by soldiers, and to show the danger of standing armies.

We are accustomed to call Washington the "Father of his country." It would be useless, if one desired to do so, to dispute his right to the title. He and no

such a place, and shall be ready to meet you.' Adams said he would go to his General. The officer said his General had nothing to do with it; the affair was between them two." — *Diary and Letters*, pp. 528, 529.

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other will bear it through the ages. He established our country's freedom with the sword, then guided its course during the first critical years of its independent existence. No one can know the figure without feeling how real is its greatness. It is impossible to see how, without Washington, the nation could have ever been. His name is and should be greatest. But after all is "Father of America" the best title for Washington? Where and what was Washington during those long preliminary years while the nation was taking form? A quiet planter, who in youth as a surveyor had come to know the woods; who in his young manhood had led bodies of provincials with some efficiency in certain unsuccessful military expeditions; who in maturity had sat, for the most part in silence, among his talking colleagues in the House of Burgesses, with scarcely a suggestion to make in all the sharp debate, while the new nation was shaping. There is another character in our history to whom was once given the title, "Father of America," — a man to a large extent forgotten, his reputation overlaid by that of those who followed him, — no other than this man of the town-meeting, Samuel Adams. As far as the *genesis* of America is concerned, Samuel Adams can properly be called the "Father of America."

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SPANISH GLIMPSES.

THE English guide-books, and other authorities as superficial, can make nothing of Madrid, and occupy themselves very much by telling you what it is not. I had the notion that it was a sort of manufactured city like Munich. So it is in a sense; but when one thinks, one sees why it is manufactured, and the place becomes interesting, because intelligible. Whoever built it wanted to do what Victoria did in founding Ottawa, and our fathers in making Washington; viz., to break up the local jealousies of the provincial cities. In that regard it is very like Washington. But it is as large as Boston. There is a very large garrison, all the life of a court and of a parliament, and the government spends money like water.

Now you will observe, in a moment, that I might say many of these things of the city of Washington. But in my first and second stay in Madrid I was noticing resemblances between the two cities. Thus there are splendid public buildings and some very wretched private ones. Some very great projects

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have been admirably carried through, and some have been begun upon and never finished. Just now they change their kings as often as we change our presidents, and their administrations as often as we change our cabinets.

I fancy, therefore, that there is with pretty much anybody you meet that sense of uncertainty, almost of lottery, which is so amusing at Washington. It is this which makes everybody there so eager to get what he can out of to-day. Everybody is willing to condone yesterday's faults; and though everybody is scheming, nobody expects much from to-morrow, or relies much upon it. Perhaps this is a fancy, but it seems to me that you see the same thing in Madrid. The books call it a mock Paris; but it did not seem in the least to me like Paris, and I did not think it pretended to. There is a certain gravity in the demeanor of the men, — just what we should call "Spanish gravity" at home. Of every gentleman you meet in the street you would say in Boston, "That man is certainly a Spanish teacher of languages." And you would be sorry for him, because he looked so grave. You would say, "Poor fellow! I am so sorry for him, because he is an exile."

We were now in the valley of the Guadalquivir, the Baetis. Guadalquivir is a corruption from the Arabic Wâda-l-Kebir, or "the Great River." Old

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Latin-school boys will sympathize with me when I say that I have always had a grudge against this river, because it chose to have its accusative in *im* and its ablative in *i*. This idiosyncrasy of the river gave me much care and trouble in my day, not to speak of thousands of my fellow-pupils and of my masters. For itself, the poor river was perhaps unconscious of its accusative; and a very charming river it is. It waters a very charming valley, for in southern Spain, when you say "water," you mean oranges and lemons and figs and olives and oil and grapes and raisins and wine and apricots and strawberries and roses and lilies and heliotrope and wheat and barley and oats and grass and clover and *alfalfa*, and everything else which will delight the heart of man or make his face to shine. You begin to see bayonet palms, possibly bananas, Mexican agaves, prickly pears, with pecan-trees and other trees which remind you of Mexico and Louisiana.

All this is the result of irrigation. It is to irrigation, and to irrigation only, that you owe it that Spain is spoken of as a country so fertile. At the same time, as most readers will remember, you never read of Spain but people call it "arid." The truth is, that you may have almost everything in the way of water supply in one part of Spain or in another. The annual rainfall in Madrid is but twelve inches,

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and the rainfall for six months of summer is but five. But the annual rainfall in Seville is twenty-three inches, while the summer rainfall is hardly larger than that of Madrid. In parts of Spain, as in La Mancha, there have been periods of five years without a drop of rain.

On the other hand, in Granada, where they have the advantage of the high Sierra Nevada, the average rainfall is thirty-two inches. Their problem, then, is to spread their water "where it will do the most good." It must not rush through torrents to the sea, but must be caught at every corner, and made to distil gently over fertile lowlands, which would else be dry.

This they do by their very simple irrigation works. In all Spain there are 374,000 acres irrigated in this way. It seems very little; it is only eighteen old Maine townships of six miles square. But if you put it in wheat only, at fifty bushels an acre, you would have nearly two millions of bushels, which is the annual bread supply of four hundred thousand men. In point of fact, you do not put it in wheat very largely. You put it in wine, oil, raisins, figs, and other such fancy crops, if you may call them so, which will sell for a great deal more than fifty bushels of wheat for an acre.

I had seen in Colorado their irrigation works,

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where they are introducing the same system. Oddly enough, they learn how to do it from Spaniards, whose ancestors learned in this very Andalusia, or in many cases from my friends the Pueblo Indians, who irrigated, I believe, before the Spaniards taught them how. I should like to see some township in Berkshire or Hampden try the experiment along six or eight miles of that brawling Westfield River. You would dam it from point to point, so that the head should be nowhere dangerously high, and then you would lead a zigzag ditch for irrigation, falling perhaps a foot in a mile, or even less, wherever the slope of a hill might lead you. There would have to be some common law, regulating the water-rights of the several meadow proprietors. You see that the original investment is not severe. And when you compare the results of steady, even moisture against the results given by the average of one of our fitful summers, the gain of the crop is enormous.

Cordova had been an important city in Cæsar's time. There were people enough in it then for Cæsar to kill twenty-eight thousand of them by way of punishment for their adherence to Pompey. Of this Roman occupation you see signs to this hour. But, as the city stands, it dates from the Moorish times; it declared its independence in 756, and

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became the capital of the Moorish empire of Spain. In the tenth century three hundred thousand people lived here. They had fifty hospitals, which is, I suppose, twenty-five more than the three hundred and fifty thousand people of Boston have, and in one library they had six hundred thousand volumes, which is twice as many as the three hundred and fifty thousand people of Boston have in their Public Library to-day.

What interests me more than these figures — which could probably be stretched backward or forward to mean much what you choose — is the suggestion one gets as to the wise Moorish administration, especially in public education and in the relief of the poor. One of these Moorish kings, I forget his name, did on a large scale what Rumford did on a small scale in Bavaria. That is to say, this Paynim hound, this unbaptized Saracen, set on foot a bureau of industry which was also an industrial school, at which he compelled the attendance of all his tramps, "wayside-lodge people," and other gentry who had no "visible means of support." He had none of the nonsense of Monsieur Marie's national workshops. He did not dream of competing with the regular labor market. But he kept on hand a series of public works which need not be done, but which it was well to do; and, year by year, these

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things dragged along and eventually got themselves done by the assistance of these tramps, who were no longer kept alive by Moslem good-nature at the expense of Moslem grit and muscle, without showing anything for their work.

Our system is to give soup for nothing to anybody who will ask for it, if only he be clear, sheer beggar enough to look forlorn, and have lost his manliness enough to make application. But we take care not to make him work when he comes for it. And if anybody proposes to teach the tramps how to work at the public charge, or to make them work in the public works, the city solicitor says that the first is against the law, and the park commissioners say that the other would be sentimental and not business-like.

In the tenth century, Cordova was a far finer city than Rome or Constantinople or any other city in Europe. The Saracen power was so vast, that the Caliph and other princes sent to Abdu-r-rhâman (the slave of consolation) marbles, and especially marble columns, from all parts of the world which they had conquered. This gave him eighteen hundred marble pillars, and he seems to have founded the idea, anyway he carried it out, of building a sort of palm-grove, by using them, so to speak, for the trunks of the trees. As all the pillars were not of the same

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height, they sometimes had more and sometimes less work and height to the capitals. Some are of one color, and some are another. Then he had at each end eighteen doors, and he had the whole a good deal open to the sky. So in every direction there were lovely vistas, which looked like the vistas in the tall palm-groves that he was used to in some other land.

This is, at least, the way which all travellers choose to describe the Great Mosque of Cordova. So I think there must be something in the story of his intending an imitation of a grove. The mosque, now a cathedral, is not very high. But it is high enough to give you the sense and sentiment of a forest, and the vastness in each direction carries out that feeling.

After the Conquest, some wretched local authorities — bishop and chapter, I guess — put their heads together, as if they had had a wood-paving job on their conscience, and proposed to build one of the Spanish "choirs" just in the middle of this marble forest. Of course it would, by so much as its space covered, break the magnificent vistas. Somebody had the sense to protest. And the question was referred to Charles the Fifth, whose duties in ruining civilization elsewhere kept him away from Spain a good deal. He did as such gentry do, — sustained

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the constituted authorities. And so this great choir was built as you might cut down sixty or eighty trees in the middle of a forest on Mattawamkeag, to build a meeting-house in the approved architecture of Maine in the nineteenth century.

When Charles came to Cordova, at last, and the admiring choir-builders showed to him their work, their emperor said to them: "What you have built could have been built anywhere. But you have destroyed what was more grand than anything left on earth." I am sorry to say that it did not occur to him that it was he who did the destroying.

Around the mosque of Cordova is a dead white wall. It might be a prison. You go in by a little gate, and you are in a green orchard of orange-trees. Then by another doorway you enter the mosque, and the forest of marble which I have tried to describe is before you. In the endless variety, in the change which every inch of movement makes in the perspective and the vistas, it is not hard to persuade yourself that you hear the wind, as you might do in a forest at home.

Our guide was a Moresco, who was, I think, the lineal descendant of Haroun himself, and he was much pleased with our acquaintance, derived from the Arabian Nights, with the customs and faith of his ancestry. We made him read the Arabic words

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over the magnificent pulpit built by the Slave of Consolation. And he read: "Allah alone is great. Blessed be the name of Allah. There is no strength or power but in Allah."

After we had seen the mosque, they took us to the garden of the Alcazar, the old Moorish sachem. It is just like the Arabian Nights, with carp-ponds and streams of water; roses in full bloom, and pomegranates, palm-trees, and so on; figs not quite ripe, and *nespolas*, which were. Thence we all went into one of the Alcazar's towers by the river-side, and made a drawing of a bridge of which Augustus Cæsar made the piers, we sitting under the grape-blossoms of a vine.

Alcazar means *the Cæsar*, originally. So it came around to mean the Palace, and I fancy it is as frequent a word in Spain as Kingston might be in America. At any rate, I find three "Alcazars" as the names of towns in a somewhat limited index in Murray.

After being a week in Spain, I wrote in Seville that "I am yet to see the first flea. I do not know the taste of garlic; and for oil, I only know it in the sweetest form on the most exquisite lettuce. I am living in a hotel here, equal to the best we saw in Europe, where I pay two dollars a day for everything. What the inconveniences are of Spanish

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travel we have yet to discover. On the other hand, everything is curious and entertaining.

"The people are charming. When we are ready to come here, we will hire for a trifle some old palace, built around a court, with lions and fountains and orange-trees, with a fig-tree or two growing up by accident. We will spend our days in the gardens of the Alcazar. That at Cordova was but ill maintained by a gardener who turned an honest penny by selling lettuce and cabbages. This is maintained by the State.

"They show you the orange-tree that Peter the Cruel planted; you are tempted to try the Sultana's bath, and you vote Charles the Fifth's summer house to be the one successful summer home in the world. It is in as perfect condition as when he left it. The walls, inside and out, are carved with beautiful enamelled tiles. Griffins, lions, satyrs, unicorns, pillars of Hercules, castles of Castile, appear mixed up in quaint confusion; the tile-makers not working by a stencil pattern, but as their fancy dictated, and the tiles, for the most part, as fresh as if you bought the best Minton tiles yesterday, and far brighter in color. The ceiling is of carved mahogany, which I suppose the virgin forests of San Domingo furnished."

I think a man who should live in Seville a month

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would understand better than Walter Scott did how men went and came in Europe in the times of Richard and Philip, and how they lived in Lyons in the days of Peter Waldo. Streets narrow as Tom Kelly's alley, in which a donkey may only go in a certain fixed direction, because he could not pass another donkey, are the very streets from which you enter a court-yard blazing with exotic flowers from all the modern world, from which court-yard open the rooms of a palace, with all the splendors of a palace.

Our hotel fronted on the principal street of the town. There is not left at the North End of Boston a street so narrow. Large curtains hang across it at the top, to screen the upper rooms from the sun. It is crowded with little shops not bigger than your china closet. And in one of those shops you shall find Rénan's books side by side with "The Imitation of Christ"; in the next shall be Singer's sewing-machine; and in the next a cobbler making a sandal like that worn by the Romans. You step into one of these shops to avoid a mule laden with bales of hay brought in from the country to feed the horses which dragged you from the railroad.

This is what I mean when I say every step is a romance. Travel has not spoiled it, nor begun to spoil it. The people are as simple as they were in the days of Columbus.

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I wanted, if I could, to buy some old books one day, and was told that there was a certain fair held every Thursday where I could perhaps pick up what I needed. So I went to this fair, which is of second-hand articles wholly, and it was precisely like the Arabian Nights.

The streets in that precinct are wholly given up to it on Thursday, and no carriages are permitted on that day. So the dealers lay out their articles on the street itself, which is well paved, without side-walks, in granite blocks. A path some six feet wide is left for passing, and, as the street is wider or narrower, the salesmen have more or less space. Where the streets are wide, the crockery-men establish themselves; so you see plates, mugs, cups, etc., all nominally second-hand, arrayed on the street.

You see readily how, if a jackass strays in by any accident, just one of those tragedies takes place, with the crockery, that occur more than once in the Arabian Nights. As many of the people are Moors, as all are in the costume of people in operas, as the articles sold are the most ramshackled old bits that have been left since the Ark, you can imagine that the whole is sufficiently oriental.

We were taken to see a palace which has been kept in perfect order since the days of the Moors, and is now just as it might be if Haroun Alraschid

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lived in it. I really never conceived anything so beautiful. I have tried to describe the system of inner court-yards. We came to this house through a narrow whitewashed street, which promised nothing. But the court-yard, or entrance to it, was white marble, and was screened at the inner end by a gate.

The attendant admitted us, however, and here was a lovely square garden of Oriental and tropical plants, palms, bananas, and brilliant flowering shrubs. Around this the house is built, a corridor of exquisite white marble arches wholly surrounding the square. All these arches are adorned with that delicate carving which we associate with the Alhambra, and which looks like ivory-work. It is finely cut in stucco. Each story above has one of these corridors. We were not permitted to go up stairs; but the stairway was of elegant white marble also, rising up to a lofty dome, carved and highly ornamented. In another garden without was the invariable fish-tank, which is the water supply of the whole.

True to the theory of taking a Spanish hotel, if I could find one, rather than one which affected to be French, I went to the Europa. The place, or a part of it, was once a convent, and at the back of the beautiful *patio* a magnificent staircase of the convent times — excellent to sit on in the shade of the

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afternoon — takes you up to the second floor, where the bedrooms are. All this stairway is hung with sacred pictures, which may or may not have been there in convent days; certainly they make the place seem very different from a hotel, as we think of one. You can, if you choose, — and you are apt to choose, — have your coffee or chocolate served under the shade of a banana-tree, in the sound of the fountain, at the side of the *patio*.

Once installed in such a place, dropping into the habit of a *siesta* in the hour which would be hot out of doors; with palaces, gardens, galleries, churches, at hand, such as your best dreams never painted; with excursions possible in any direction of curious interest; with daily life a queer reminder of the Arabian Nights literally at every step, you no longer think of going away in three days. You only inquire why you should go away at all. What are you for? Why are you in Spain? Did you come to Spain to enjoy some pleasant weeks? Well! what can you find more charming than this? Have you exhausted it? With every day you feel that you are only beginning to take it in.

The local proverb says, "See Seville and die." One would not wish to die merely because he had seen it. A better proverb would be, "See Seville and live there." There is just this strong infusion

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of Eastern habit which makes it so attractive to us crude Westerns: there is a climate well-nigh perfect; there is the activity, agreeable, after all, of a business town in full and easy relations with the rest of the world; and, last of all, Seville has an advantage, which many of us, of what I call the literary class, appreciate, living is very, very cheap. I heard of some intelligent people living there very much as I live at home, I fancy, whose full daily charge averaged forty-two cents a day for each of them. This was life in a palace, where the family kept house comfortably. They had American tastes, and seemed to enjoy them. I tell this with terror, lest I send half unoccupied America to Seville. For I am old enough to remember when we could live at the same charge in North Conway in summer. I have sometimes feared that I, and my friend who made this discovery, announced it too freely to an eager world.

Americans would be apt to go to the Columbian Library, founded by the son of Christopher Columbus. A magnificent building enshrines it, and one does not see any collection more elegant in the outward appurtenance of a library. But you are disappointed if you expect to find memorials of the discoverer. They do show, under glass, a copy of Ptolemy, I think, with notes by him, and an old

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map with three caravels drawn near islands, which you try to think are the three vessels of discovery. Let me, as I pass, warn other travellers not to expect to see the documents in the archives without a permit from Madrid. I found a gentleman from Guatemala at work there, and was not surprised to find it supposed that his business and mine were the same, as, in a certain sense, they were.

The exterior view of the cathedral gives no idea of its grandeur or beauty. As in all the Spanish cathedrals which I saw, the choir is built in the middle, almost as a separate church. And, as at Burgos, this hurts the vista of the nave. But you cannot spoil so magnificent a building. I do not know, and do not care to look to see, how long the aisles are or how high; they are long enough and high enough to create and to preserve that sense of wonder, awe, and satisfied rest for which cathedrals were built and stand.

Most American school-boys and school-girls know that Columbus sailed from "Palos in Spain" to discover America. Some of them know that he sailed on the 3d of August, 1492.

When they grow to be men and women, if they look for Palos on a good enough map, they will not find it. It will be on some purely American-manufacture maps. But it will not be on the average

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map. I was in the cabinet of one of the first geographers in the world, and he took down an excellent map of Spain, on a large scale, authenticated by an official board, and there was no Palos there.

I had determined to see Palos. And Seville is the point of departure for this excursion. On a lovely May day we started, — my daughter and I. There is a railway, sufficiently good, built chiefly or wholly by a mining company, which comes from the valley of the Guadalquivir to that of the Tinto, and takes you there. It is a pleasant ride of sixty-five miles or thereabouts.

The ride seems tropical to us who have never been in the tropics. Orange-trees, fig-trees, olive-trees, and vineyards just pushing out their fresh green leaves, fill the fertile grounds of these valleys. And how hard the people do work! I have never seen anywhere a set of farmers who seemed to stick so to their business.

We fell into talk with a courteous Spanish gentleman, who was most eager to explain what we did not understand.

The western sun, low in the horizon, is streaming through the windows of the carriage. Our friend is on the eastern side; he is looking watchfully across the marshes and the river; and so, as some mound of sand is passed by the train and opens a full view to

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the other side of the wide estuary, he raises his hand, points across the marshes and says, "Palo!"

We were all silent for a moment. I think he knew something of my feeling. And I — I found I cared for Palos more than I had supposed possible. I had crossed Spain with the intention of seeing the place. But I had not at any time pictured to myself the gulf between 1492 and 1882; nor even asked myself to imagine Columbus and Martin Pinzon at work on the equipment of the ships. Of a sudden all the features of the contrast presented themselves. Enough, perhaps, that, as we dashed on in the comfort of the railway train, we were looking across the desolate marshes to the forsaken village, where hardly a few white houses could be made out, and told ourselves that from the enterprise and courage of that place the discovery of America became possible.

The seaport of Palos in the time of Columbus was a place so important, that the crew and vessels of the first expedition were all gathered there, in face of the difficulties which the superstition of the time and the terms of the voyage presented.

I do not suppose it to have been a seaport of the first class, but it was a considerable and active town. It was on the eastern side of the estuary of the Tinto River, a considerable stream, known to navigators as far back as the first history of navigation. It takes

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its name, Tinto, from the color which it brings from the copper and iron mines above, which are the very mines which gave to Spain its interest for Phœnician navigators. In nearly four centuries since Columbus' time the current of the river has been depositing silt in what was then the port of Palos, and this port is now entirely filled up.

With the destruction of the harbor the town has gone to ruin. The few white specks which my Spanish friend pointed out to me, in the light of the evening sun, marked the place of the few houses in which a hundred or two poor people are living, where were once the dock-yards and warehouses of the active town. The rival town, Huelva, which was, even in Columbus' time, a place of considerable importance, takes all the commerce of the estuary. I think not even a fishing-boat sails from Palos itself.

Huelva is a port where large steamers can lie at the pier, and is now a place of active and apparently successful trade.

An English company, which is developing the mines, has built a good system of railroads which unite Huelva with its mining establishments, as it built this we had travelled upon from Seville.

There is a new hotel at Huelva, where we were comfortably accommodated. I was interested to see

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that all the furniture, which was new, was of American manufacture, coming very likely from Worcester County, Massachusetts. Thus far, at least, we have been able to pay our debt to Columbus and to Palos.

I was awakened the next morning, before five o'clock, to hear the singing of birds in a lofty orange-tree in the front of my window, that we might embark at once on our visit to the convent of Rabida, and, if possible, to the ruins of Palos. A fine half-decked boat, such as we might have hired in Marblehead for a like purpose, with a skipper who looked precisely like his Marblehead congener, but with the lateen sail which is so curiously characteristic of Southern Europe, was ready for our little voyage.

We passed heavy steamers which suggested little enough of Columbus, but there were fine-looking fishing-boats which suggested the plucky little *Niña* of his voyage; and their seamen are probably dressed to-day much as the men who landed with him at San Salvador.

A run of an hour brought us to the fine headland on which the convent of Rabida, or Sta. Maria de Rabida, stands, scarcely changed, if changed at all, from the aspect it bore on the day when Columbus "asked of the porter a little bread and water for his

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child."[1] Lord Houghton, following Freiligrath, has sung to us how

> "The palm-tree dreameth of the pine,
> The pine-tree of the palm;"

and in his delicate imaginings the dream is of two continents, ocean-parted, each of whom longs for the other. Strange enough, as one pushes along the steep ascent from the landing at Rabida up the high bluff on which the convent stands, the palm-tree and the pine grow together, as if in token of the dream of the great discoverer who was to unite the continents.

In this convent Columbus made his home while the expedition was fitting out; Palos hard by, and quite accessible. Hither the Pinzons and the learned physician, Garcia Fernandez, were summoned by the good friar Marchena, Columbus' steady friend, for the great consultations from which the discovery grew.

The convent is a large rambling building, of Moorish lines and aspect, built around several *patios*, or gardens. Hardly any windows open through the outer walls; but the life of the building engages itself in and around the *patios* within. Here clois-

[1] This is Mr. Everett's language, in a speech which old schoolboys will remember.

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ters, made by columns with arches, surround the pretty enclosures, and in these one dines, writes, takes his *siesta*, or does nothing.

Columbus' room, as a fine chamber up stairs is called, has a large table in the middle, on which is Columbus' inkstand. All around the room there now hang pictures; some of him, one of Isabella, one of the good old friar, and some by modern painters, of different scenes in the first great voyage and of his experiences after his return.

The old chapel of the convent is below. It is neat and pretty, and worship could be renewed there at any time. The Duke of Montpensier, who married a sister of Isabella II., the late Queen of Spain, arranged to have it all put in proper order. The nation maintains the place, and a charming family of Spaniards, grandfather, grandmother, son, daughter, and three nice boys, Christopher, Immanuel, and Joseph, keep it in order.

The Spanish historians now think that Columbus came to Rabida with the very purpose of interesting Marchena, the good friar. Marchena was interested, and recommended him to the Bishop of Talavera. But, alas! he thought Columbus was a madman. King and queen alike were occupied in fighting the Moors. The council of wise men at Salamanca, to whom Columbus' plans were referred, decided un-

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favorably. Columbus did receive some favorable messages from France. Wholly discouraged in Spain, six years after his first visit here he came again, — from Cordoba this time, where were the relations of his wife and of his son Diego. He came to say that, as Spain had given him up, he should give Spain up, and see if the King of France would not fit out the expedition.

The good friar Marchena was dismayed at this. He could not bear to have the glory lost to Spain. He sent for Garcia Fernandez, a doctor in Palos, who had been interested when Columbus was here before. He sent for Pinzon, a rich merchant of Palos. They all talked it over again, and the friar wrote to the Queen this time, not to any bishop. The Queen sent back word that Columbus was to come himself and explain his plan; and the sadness of the convent was changed to joy.

Columbus' mule was saddled at once. He started that night for Santa Fé, and had an audience from Isabella. She heard and believed. She promised her support, and Columbus wrote this letter to the brother here at the convent: —

"Our Lord God has heard the prayers of his servants. The wise and virtuous Isabel, touched by the grace of Heaven, has kindly listened to this poor man's words. All has turned out well. I have read to them our plan; it has been accepted, and I

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have been called to the court to state the proper means for carrying out the designs of Providence. My courage swims in a sea of consolation, and my spirit rises in praise to God. Come as soon as you can; the Queen looks for you, and I much more than she. I commend myself to the prayers of my dear sons, and to you.

"The grace of God be with you, and may our Lady of Rabida bless you."

After a visit full of interest to Rabida, we returned to our boat, and I directed my seamen to take me to some landing whence I could go into the very streets of Palos, or what was left of it. To my surprise I was told that this was impossible No such landing remains, even for a fishing-boat of five tons. If the señor wished, it would be necessary for the boat to come to anchor, and the señor must be carried on the back of the skipper for three-quarters of a mile or more, over the flat under water, formed where proud ships once rode. The señor declined this proposal, and bade the boatman take him to the bar of Saltes, the little island in front of Palos and Huelva, where Columbus' vessels lay, and from which he sailed at eight o'clock on the morning of Friday, Aug. 3, 1492.

The run from Rabida, tacking back and forth with a brisk breeze, was perhaps an hour, or a little more. The island, which was the last of Europe for the great navigator, can be scarcely changed. It is a

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narrow bar high enough to break the force of the south and south-west winds as they sweep in from the Atlantic, and thus make the admirable harbor of Huelva.

We discharged the grateful duty of collecting some memorials of a place so interesting, and then, by a rapid run before the wind, returned to the pier at Huelva, which is some six miles up the river.

"MALAGA, May 30.

"It is now six o'clock, and this pretty city of Malaga is rousing itself to its duties. We are no longer in the East. This place might be Norfolk or Savannah, but that four thousand years have finished it and given to it elegancies and prettinesses to those cities unknown. I am on the balcony of a palace, and my room is palatial. I do not remember that in the much-praised American hotel I ever found, at six in the morning, fresh carnations on the dressing-table of my chamber. But I am afraid this is exceptional, for the señora who takes care of the *camas* (no gallantry will pretend that she is a señorita) herself laughed as she called attention to them, as if it were by some happy accident that they were there.

"If my geography were shaky in any particular, it was as to the difference between Cadiz and Mal-

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aga. This I knew, that from Malaga came raisins, while I never heard of Cadiz raisins. Also I went to school with a boy from Malaga, and never went to school with any boy from Cadiz. But these doubts are now forever solved in my mind (and I hope will be for this reader). Cadiz is outside the pillars of Hercules as far as Malaga is inside; so that our pretty coasting voyage of yesterday, in an admirable steamer, brought us through the Straits of Gibraltar.

"I had my first look of Africa, and we spent four hours at anchor at Algeciras, in full sight of the great fortress itself.

"I could have gone across and landed. But I thought I should dilate with the right emotions if I only beheld it from afar. Indeed, it is difficult not to dilate, and that with many emotions, on this voyage. The African coast is often bold. We saw it under great advantages of mist and cloud on the mountains, quite symbolizing the mysterious place of Africa in the trinity of the Eastern continents. Gibraltar is simply magnificent. I have ruined my pocket sketch-book by the number of outlines which I have dashed in at various points of view. The ladies worked with enthusiasm from the deck of the steamer after she came to anchor. The sea was perfectly smooth. You know how fond I am

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of steamboat travelling, and by this *détour* we enabled ourselves to travel by day instead of night.

"Algeciras, where I landed, is a town more Moorish in population, I suppose, than any town I have seen. I saw some very handsome faces among the boys. It seems very funny to see these picturesque boys, perhaps with a red sash round the waist, coming home from school with a cracked slate and what might be a worn-out arithmetic in a strap over the shoulder, just as he might do in Dartmouth or Dudley Street. One of them had thrown another's cap into a tree on the *plaza*, just as he might do in Blackstone Square. The boy had coaxed a friend to lift him, while with a long stick he tried to shake it from the tree. The other boy was neither tall enough nor strong enough, and they could not reach it; so I offered. Boy number one was afraid of the *Francese;* but another handsome boy volunteered to try the great adventure, and I lifted him in triumph, so that he 'regained the felt, and felt what he regained.'

"They were making preparations in their pretty public garden for a great fair which they are to have next week, in which two bull-fights, among other things, are provided. I walked in the Paseo, and had the luck to hear my first nightingale. It is rather difficult to dilate with the right emotions for the nightingale. The song is a good honest

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song, animated enough, rather plucky. 'Jug, jug, jug,' expresses it well enough. I am almost afraid I should not have noticed it, unless, indeed, as a sort of contralto among the sopranos of the other birds.

"We refreshed ourselves with lemonade and other light drinks (sugar and water being the most popular), gathered some shells on the beach, and went back to the ship to dinner. We weighed anchor again at six, and by sunset passed the rock of Gibraltar, as above, with the most lurid effects of red light behind the bold black of the headland. It is virtually an island, like a gigantic Nahant, connected by a spit of sand only with the main, somewhat as Cadiz is.

"They say that in the midst of the straits is a reef, with very deep surroundings, on all sides. Berini, an intelligent *valet de place* whom I brought round with me from Seville, asked me if it might not be that, in the days of the ancients, on this reef there were veritably another pillar of Hercules. He is not satisfied with the Abyla of the African coast of to-day. Also he, who is a Gibraltar boy by birth, says that the cave of St. Michael's there has a mysterious passage disappearing no one knows where. 'May not this have been a submarine tunnel through which the monkeys — the only mon-

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keys in Europe — came from Africa to the rock of Gibraltar?' This suggests weird considerations worthy of Sindbad. The present number of monkeys on the rock of Gibraltar is about thirty-five. The English government cares for them more assiduously than for Spanish refugees. The number seen by the sentries is reported daily by the officer in charge of the outposts."

If this reader has ever had the pleasure of riding up to Cornell University from the city of Ithaca, he will have a realizing sense of what it is to ride in a rather shaky omnibus up to the Washington Irving Hotel, high in the Alhambra gardens, from the low level of the railway in the valley. The effect is enhanced if the ride be taken in crass darkness, in an omnibus which may have been that old "Governor Brooks" which ran hourly between Boston and the Norfolk House in 1833. It seemed to me to have been transferred, without repairs or new paint, to serve the Granada line after forty-nine years.

The ascent is so nearly vertical, that you have a feeling that if you lose your headway, only for an instant, the mules will fall backward over your head, the whole rattle-trap pivoting on the hind axle, and that you will all go down into the valley again, mules first, on their backs, omnibus on top,

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and passengers on their heads. But we were fortunately spared this adventure, as I have, up to this time, been spared the experience of it at Ithaca, — else the reader would not be following these notes now.

After a little, zigzag roads up through a dense grove, in which nightingales were singing and brooks babbling, took the place of the perpendicular ascent, the omnibus stopped, and the cheerful and cordial host of the "Washington Irving" welcomed us at his door. Thus began a fortnight of life, more like life in the Arabian Nights than any of us are likely to know until we go to the Alhambra again.

To confess ignorance is a capital rule, and it has been of the greatest service to me in a long and varied life. To quote Lewis' excellent joke at Bellombre, I have had a great deal to confess sooner or later, and whenever I have obeyed the rule I have profited. On this occasion I will confess that I never knew what the Alhambra was, — whether it were a palace or a district. The truth is, it is either or both, as you choose to call it.

To begin at the beginning, this projecting shelf of land, running out from a spur of the Sierra, must have been, from the moment when it was made, one of the most beautiful places in the world. You are

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three thousand feet or more above the level of the sea. We had ascended so far, more than half a mile, vertically in our afternoon's ride from Malaga. Let the reader recollect that the Crawford House, at the head of the White Mountain Notch, is but nineteen hundred feet above the sea. The plateau occupied by the Alhambra is really more like what five and twenty acres of table-land on the top of Mount Webster would be. I remember looking down in the valley of Georgetown in Colorado, from a height above that town, much as one looks down upon Granada from the Alhambra.

Well, when the Moors came into possession of Southern Spain, having the whole country to choose from, they did as Uncle 'Zeke bids us do, and "took the best." That is to say, they selected this plateau, high embanked by nature above the valley, which commands, on the west, a view of the Vega, fifty-seven square miles of matchless fertility, running away from the eye into the purple of the distance; and commands, on the other side, the majestic view of the range of the Sierras, showing in its gorges streaks of perennial snow at every season of the year.

Practically, these Moorish sovereigns had all the artistic skill there was afloat in the world, and, to use this skill, they had all the money they needed.

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Having resolved to live here in this midway climate, which is never too cold, never too warm, where you can always see winter by looking to the east, and always see summer by looking to the west, they bade their architects build the most beautiful palace they could build, and the most comfortable, and bade their gardeners make the most beautiful gardens. In these gardens, observe, pine-trees dream of palms and palms of pine, to their hearts' content. The gardeners and the architects took them at their word, and did their best. In 1492 they and theirs were turned out.

It is now many generations since any king has really lived in those beautiful palaces, though a mattress is sometimes laid in one of the chambers for the King of Spain, if he come that way, and I think the same thing was done for the Prince of Wales. But the palace has never been permitted to fall into ruin. For the last generation it has been attended to with the wisest and most reverent care. The governor of the whole place is now Señor Contreras, an antiquarian, who is also an artist, with both conscience and taste. With great wisdom and delicacy, he uses the funds which are intrusted to him in keeping up the gardens and in restoring, wonderfully well, such decoration as time or carelessness had destroyed. I am by no means

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sure that the glamour, which time has thrown over the palace in four centuries, does not more than make up for any splendor of occupation, which it lost when the Moors were driven away.

But I see that, like every one else, I hang round the outside, without describing the Alhambra. I suppose a Moor would have said to you that it was a fortress, and such was the central part of what we now call the Alhambra. Red alludes to the color of the rock. On the spot they say there are three colors to the Alhambra, — red, blue, and green; and in the fortnight that I was there the rocks were always red, the sky was of the deepest blue, and the trees of the greenest green. I do not know what the committee of the Boston Art Club would say to Alhambra pictures. It is said that when Miss Forbes sent them her clever sketches from Colorado they would not admit them, because they had never seen rocks that were so red. At the same time she sent some decorous Milton Hill sketches, which were accepted with enthusiasm. If my readers share this prejudice against positive color, they must not go to the Alhambra.

The walls and towers of the old Moorish defence still stand. On one side they needed no wall, for a cat or a lizard would find it hard to work up the cliff from the valley far below. Just outside these

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walls, surrounded still by beautiful gardens, are the two hotels of "Washington Irving," generally spelled with a Y for its first letter, and the Siete Suelos, parted only from each other by a roadway. "Siete Suelos" means seven stories, that having been the name of one of the towers on the wall close by. Beside these hotels, there is a group of other houses with their gardens, extending, I know not how far, upon different plateaux of the mountains. Some of them are handsome villas, some of them are modest boarding-houses, and in this region, intersected by rambling roads, a great many people, who have the same tastes which the Moorish sovereigns had, come to spend now winter and now summer.

It is the only place known to me to which people go purely for recreation, where the hotels are kept open all the year round, and where the attractions seem as great at one season as at another. Strictly speaking, I suppose the region within the walls of the fortress, perhaps twenty-five acres in all, is the Alhambra. But I am quite sure that in conversation the name "Alhambra" would apply to all the gardens and villas on the hillside.

The walks and avenues are like those of a modern palace in neatness and beauty. The restorations in the palace of the Alhambra itself are so perfect, that they need a trained eye to tell where they

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begin. The *patio* of orange-trees is in perfect cultivation, the lions are all on their feet, and even those whose ears were broken off have new ones. Last night we went up to see the moonlight effects. Connoisseurs were disappointed, as the moon would not rise quite high enough for them. But for me, who am not used to valley views seventy miles long, under the light of a full moon, the prospect, with the heavy shadows of our cliff over Granada, was sufficiently wonderful. You can imagine to a degree what witch-work the moonlight would make on one of these walls of ivory carving, as it shines through the queer, varied Saracenic arches. We were taught in our childhood some stuff about four orders, more or less, of architecture. For clear, sheer beauty, this Saracenic arch, left out from that list, is the leader of them all. I rather think it is the best of all to adapt to popular and practical use.

The city of Granada is a lively town of seventy-five thousand people, improving itself, opening new streets, having a fine bull-fight to-day, and preparing for Corpus Christi on Wednesday. Up a steep street you climb, and come to an arch, which is the arch of the Alhambra. You pass it, and enter a heavily shaded grove, laid out with parks and roads, in very careful order, the roads still ascending a steep

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hill. This is the beginning of the gardens of the Alhambra. This is the ascent which late at night reminded me of the roads at Cornell University. You continue ascending, and in five minutes, on the right and left, lo, two hotels, like rival White Mountain houses. One is the Siete Suelos, and one the Washington Irving. These are crowded into corners left by the fortifications of the Alhambra; for the Alhambra, being a royal palace, was fortified, on one side, inaccessible on a high cliff, on the other side, by walls, like those at Ticonderoga or Quebec or Chester.

So, then, when we have breakfasted we can take a short walk through the grove to this great wall; and as no Moors defend it, we pass through the Puerta del Justicia, or the Puerta de Vino, or some sally-port without a name, and we are in the great fortress, which the Moors garrisoned, and which commanded the town. Remember that cannon, large and small, were well in use before 1492, when the fortress fell. Here lives, for example, Contreras, the skilful restorer, and governor of the whole; here is the ruin of an unfinished palace of Charles the Fifth; here are great box-gardens, laid out to occupy old parade grounds; and here, at last, largest and most important, is the beautiful palace of the Alhambra, the nucleus and queen of the whole. You see in it

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what I suppose you might see in Ispahan or Damascus or Cairo, only that you are not permitted to do so. But as you are not permitted to do so there, it is a very good thing for pure Westerners like us, as it were so many Visigoths at the court of one of Cleopatra's descendants, to see how comfortably these people lived.

Perhaps it adds to the interest to see the blood-stain where thirty-six Abencerrages chiefs were killed by one of these Moorish kings not long before Granada fell. To say truly, though we have a natural sympathy for these poor Moors, who builded so much better than their successors knew, that as to desert, they can be said to have deserved but little. Good architecture is hardly a moral merit. If it were, I think it is a merit which belonged more to the ancestors of Boabdil and those who were turned out, than to themselves. And for themselves, after dipping a little into their history, I am disposed to say that if any persons ever deserved the vengeance of the Almighty, it was these same Moorish chiefs. As for their people, I know nothing, and say nothing.

To return to the Alhambra from this digression. Once within the palace there are still many courts. One of these is the lovely *patio*, blazing with pomegranates, orange-trees, lemons, roses, and bananas,

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which might properly be called the garden of the Alhambra. This, or the Court of Lions, is perhaps the central almond meat of the stone of the fruit, from the outside of which we have removed so many shreds and shells, all which more or less receive the name of the Alhambra.

You can conceive what endless walks, explorations, chances to sketch, chances to get lost, all these gardens and lines of fortress and ruined towers, now accessible and now inaccessible, afford. From the "Gate of Justice," in a painting of the time, the Moors are represented as pouring out to be destroyed by their conquerors.

The foliage has the green of the very earliest spring, and the flowers the richness of tropical summer at the same moment.

As you sketch, a little stream is babbling at your side. And if one were living at the Alhambra, such a stream might be running through the midst of what would seem as our front entry.

We went down into the city of Granada to see the opening of the Festa of Corpus Christi, which lasts several days, and obstructs a good deal the regular business, such as it is, of the place.

In the middle of the square is erected a great canvas temple, for any functions that may need a lofty platform. Around this little fountains play, some

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from the muskets of small soldiers, some propelling the swords of other soldiers, and others making cavalrymen to rock. Quite on the outside of the square, on a high staging, run a series of twenty-two well-painted, satirical pictures, hitting off the follies of the time. One is a school of men and women learning the decimal system of mensuration, in fear that, if they do not, the Alcalde will refuse them certificates of marriage. One is a philosopher abandoning his globes and books, and practising for bull-fighting, because it pays better. Between the pictures, painted in large letters, are doggerel rhymes, illustrating them. At one end of the square is a long poem, painted in large letters, an ode, a hymn on the Incarnation, and another glorifying Granada and its history.

In another park are regular booths, to sell candy and other fairings, just like ours in general plan, but arranged with one plan, and a simple (canvas) architectural effect, so as to give unity to the whole. There was to be an illumination. But the Ayuntamiento owes the Gas Company twenty thousand dollars already; so on Monday night the Gas Company shut off the gas from the town, and people had to come and go in darkness.

The palace itself is an endless satisfaction. Every time you walk there, you discover something new.

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Yesterday I indulged myself in a book of the Arabian inscriptions on the walls. With the notes, it makes a reasonable volume. There were days when I could read a little Arabic. I have now forgotten the few words I knew. But I found gradually that I could make out the characters. The ladies each make two pictures a day, one in the morning light, one in the afternoon light, with endless adjunct studies from the bedroom balconies and from terraces or other lookouts; for, with every new day, some one has discovered that there is a tower or garden which has not been visited before, and from which there is a new view or in which there are new effects.

There are woods all about Granada, and rivers running through it, and you can see the hills around all covered by gardens. About half a mile from the city begin the Sierra Morena, with their tops covered with snow. The Moors founded Granada, and in their time it was much more splendid than it is now. While they were there, there were four hundred thousand of them. The city was nine miles round, and there were more than a thousand towers guarding it. Even now it has several fine buildings, two large squares, sixteen smaller ones, many public fountains, seven colleges, eleven hospitals, a fine theatre built by the French, and sixty churches.

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On the left bank of the Genil is the city of Santa Fé. It was founded by Isabella. It was in Santa Fé that Ferdinand and Isabella approved of the first expedition undertaken by Columbus. In 1807 the city was almost destroyed by an earthquake.

One of the earliest associations which most English readers have with the Alhambra is in their memory of Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra." And those who are such sturdy fiction readers that they have never followed up that charming book with "The Conquest of Granada," have a great pleasure yet in store. He is, to this hour, the received historian of the region. And the landlord at the Washington Irving hotel put into my hands a French translation of "The Conquest of Granada" as soon as I arrived.

EXTRACT FROM "RAPE OF THE LOCK."

WHAT then remains but well our power to use,
And keep good humour still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me dear, good humour can prevail
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

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DANIEL WEBSTER.

CAPTAIN EBENEZER WEBSTER, of Salisbury, New Hampshire, was a patriot of Revolutionary fame, and of Puritan descent. When, after the discovery of Arnold's treason, Washington thought it necessary to take special precautions for the protection of his person, he singled out Webster for the important duty of guarding his tent, saying, "Captain Webster, I believe I can trust you."

His second wife, Abigail Eastman, was the mother of Daniel. He was born at Salisbury, Jan. 18, 1782. The appearance of the young child filled the lady visitors who came to his christening, with grave apprehension; he seemed so frail and delicate that they thought and predicted that he would not live long.

The prophecy, which cost the mother some tears, fortunately proved utterly false, as may be seen from the following entry in the diary kept by the selfsame Daniel fifty-seven years later: —

"FRIDAY, January 18, 1839.

"I am this day fifty-seven years old. My brothers and sisters have all died young. I was by much the most slender and fee-

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ble of the family in early life, but have yet outlived them all; and no one of them, I think, attained my present age. . . . My father died at sixty-seven. . . . My mother also reached seventy. . . . My own health, from the age of twenty-five, has been remarkably good. . . ."

The delicate boy grew up without much schooling. His mother and sisters taught him to read, and he frequented the district school from an early age, but as the teachers, for excellent reasons, had not much to teach, the learning of Daniel might have looked sorry indeed, but for the insatiable avidity with which he devoured whatever he could get to read.

He not only *read* every volume of the small circulating library in the village, but committed their contents to memory. His memory was very tenacious, and he carried off the prize of a jack-knife for reciting the greatest number of verses from the Bible. His first acquaintance with the Constitution dates from the purchase, at the store kept by one of his teachers, of a handkerchief on which it was printed.

That instrument, which he so nobly and grandly expounded and defended, he probably understood, comprehended, and loved better than any other American. He said that there was not an article, a section, a clause, a phrase, a word, a syllable, or even a comma, of that Constitution, which he had not

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studied and pondered in every relation and in every construction of which it was susceptible.

"No Roman schoolboy ever committed to memory the laws of the Twelve Tables more diligently and thoroughly than did he the Constitution of his country. He had it by heart in more senses of the words than one, and every part and particle of it seemed only less precious and sacred to him than his Bible."[1]

Besides reading, the early years of Daniel Webster were spent in play and healthful exercise in the woods and fields, under the guidance and direction of an old British tar who had been a Revolutionary soldier, and contracted a strong affection for him. He taught him to row and fish, carried him on his back, and told him his war-stories, while Daniel in return for his kindness, read to him the newspapers. Reading in those distant days was his forte, and his fame was known to the teamsters, who must have been religiously inclined, for they would call for "Webster's boy" and bade him read to them the Bible while they watered their horses.

At the age of thirteen he was sent for nine months to Exeter Academy, and after six months or more of private instruction in Greek and Latin, to Dartmouth College in 1797, where he graduated in 1801.

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[1] Speech of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, at the unveiling of Daniel Webster's Statue in Central Park, New York, Nov. 25, 1876.

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Although he was unquestionably the best general scholar in the college, he was rather brilliant than profound. He excelled in rapid acquisition and assimilation, and was noted, not only for an exceptionally retentive memory, but for a singular aptitude of telling all he knew to the greatest advantage. The fame of his eloquence led to his election as Fourth-of-July orator at Hanover, the college town. The oration, though full of the spread-eagle of the lad, embodies, nevertheless, the cherished political and patriotic convictions of the man, and verified the saying that "the child is father of the man."

Not long before his graduation, Webster, to gratify his father, paid a visit to the Hansons, some of his Salisbury neighbors who had moved to the vicinity of Hanover. John Hanson, a plain-spoken man, who was greatly interested in Daniel, startled the soaring youth with the confidential advice conveyed in the colloquy as narrated by himself.

"'Well, Daniel, you are about to graduate. You have got through college, and have got college learning; and now what are you going to do with it?'

"I told him I had not decided on a profession.

"'Well,' said he, 'you are a good boy; your father was a kind man to me, and was always kind to the poor. I should like to do a kind turn for him and his. You have got through college; and people that

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go through college either become ministers, or doctors, or lawyers.'

"'As for being a minister, I would never think of doing that: they never get paid anything. Doctoring is a *miserable* profession; they live upon other people's ailings, are up nights, and have no peace. And as for being a lawyer — I would never propose *that* to anybody.'

"'Now,' said he, 'Daniel, I'll tell you what! You are a boy of parts; you understand this book learning, and you are bright. I knew a man who had college learning down in Rye, where I lived when I was a boy. That man was a conjurer; he could tell, by consulting his books, and study, if a man had lost his cow, where she was. That was a great thing; and if people lost anything, they would think nothing of paying three or four dollars to a man like that, so as to find their property. There is not a conjurer within a hundred miles of this place, and you are a bright boy, and have got this college learning. The best thing you can do, Daniel, is to study that, and *be a conjurer!*'"

The advice, though kindly meant, was not taken, for Daniel, having already been editor of a weekly journal, and, in spite of the poor opinion John Hanson had of lawyers, determined to pursue that profession; but in order to aid in the education of his

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beloved brother Ezekiel, now entered temporarily upon the career of a schoolmaster. The trustees of Fryeburg Academy engaged him "at the price of $350 per year," and he added to the duties of the school, the occupation, out of school hours, of copying or recording deeds for the purpose solely that the whole of his salary might be given to his brother. He was a successful teacher and greatly beloved; all Fryeburg was charmed with "All-eyes," as he was called, and the magnetism of another Fourth-of-July oration not only electrified the audience, but the trustees of the Academy, who, as men of common sense, and mindful of the impecuniosity of the orator, caused to be transmitted to him the following resolution: —

"*Voted*, That the thanks of the Board be presented to Preceptor Webster, for his services this day; and that he would accept five dollars as a small acknowledgement of their sense of his services this day performed.

"WILLIAM FESSENDEN, *Secretary*."

It was a day of small things with Webster, and the smallest favors were thankfully received.

At the close of the academic year he returned to Salisbury, read law and Latin, and had the good fortune of completing his studies in the office of Christopher Gore, at Boston. Gore was an eminent lawyer, a statesman, a scholar, and a gentleman, whose

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wisdom, experience, dignity, and refinement were of incalculable benefit to the ambitious Daniel. About the time he was completing his studies in Boston, his father, who was one of the side judges of the County Court of Merrimac, obtained for him the offer of the vacant clerkship, worth from $1,500 to $2,000 a year. The offer was not only flattering, but seemed a providential panacea for all the pecuniary ailings of the Webster family. Its announcement to Mr. Gore caused that sagacious and far-sighted gentleman to urge its declination.

"If he had put a pistol to my head," said Mr. Webster, "and had demanded my life, I should not have been more astonished.

"'Do you know the income of the office?' I asked.

"'Yes, I know all about it. So far as mere money considerations are concerned, it would be worth while to take it; but I have a notion that your mission is to make opinions for other men to record, and not to be the clerk to record the opinions of courts. . . .'"

The end of the interview was a reluctant promise on the part of Webster to decline the office, and a trip in midwinter to New Hampshire to disclose to his father a decision which he feared might break his heart. The venerable man, with his white locks, stood in utter amazement, — angry, incredulous, and

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pitiful,—and said, "Are you fully resolved?" "Yes, sir, I am." He was silent for a long time, and at last said,—

"'Daniel, in the long struggle with poverty and adverse fortune that your mother and I have made to give you and Ezekiel an education, we have often talked over these sacrifices, and the prospects of our children. Your mother has often said to me that she had no fear about Ezekiel; that he had fixed and steady habits and an indomitable energy. She had no doubt of his success in life. But as for Daniel,—well, she didn't know about him: he would be either something or nothing. I think your mother was a prophetess, and that the problem is solved to-night. You have fulfilled her prophecy—you have come to nothing.'

"That was the last time he ever mentioned the clerkship to me.

"I wrote a letter to the judges, declining the office, and returned to Mr. Gore and told him what I had done. I then went up to Boscawen, and opened a law-office in a red store, with stairs upon the outside, for which I paid a rent of about $15 a year. I lived at home, and walked to and from the office at morning and night. I then resolved never to leave home during the life of my father, who was growing old, no matter what might betide. I stayed by him two

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years. I did not, in those two years, make money enough to pay the rent of the office; but I stayed there until my father died. I closed his eyes in death, and received his parting blessing; and then I started for Portsmouth, and began my career of life and practice there."

Although Mr. Webster's fees in those early days were small, his fame was great, as may be gathered from the subjoined passage from a letter to the *New York Tribune* by N. P. Rogers, of Plymouth, N.H., who names the primitive court-house of Grafton County as the place where he tried his first case.

"It was a small case, and the only one he had. He wanted to get it put by. The lawyer on the other side was opposed to it, and Daniel got up and made a speech to the court that made the little old house ring again. They all said — lawyers and judges and people — that they never heard such a speech, or anything like it. They said he talked like a different creature from any of the rest of them, great or small, — and there were men there that were not small.

"There was a man tried for his life, . . . and the judges chose Webster to plead for them; and from what I can learn, he never has spoken better since than he did there when he first began.

"He was a black, raven-haired fellow, with an eye as black as death, and as heavy as a lion's, — and no

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lion in Africa ever had a voice like him; and his look was like a lion's, — that same heavy look, not sleepy, but as if he did not care about anything that was going on about him or anything anywhere else. He didn't look as if he was thinking about anything; but as if he *would* think like a hurricane if he once got waked up to it. They say the lion looks so when he is quiet."

At Portsmouth, where he established himself in the fall of 1807, Webster came in contact and soon entered into pleasant and friendly relations with quite a number of able members of the bar, among whom Chief-Justice Jeremiah Smith and Mr. Jeremiah Mason were the most conspicuous lights. "Both were profoundly learned, but Smith the more accomplished scholar; both were profound thinkers, but Mason's the more original mind." The association was of inestimable benefit to Webster, who quickly responded to the intellectual impulse of those strong minds, and developed that wonderful power of leonine grasp of his subject, of penetrating to its core and essence, and presenting it clear and distinct with inexorable logic, and in convincing, impassioned phrase.

Nor was this all; the strong grain of his rough mountain granite shone in the polished splendor of a massive, terse Saxon, and a style of eloquence

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which placed him in the first rank of the world's orators.

But there was another influence at work, very different from that exerted by Smith and Mason. One Sunday on his way to church at Salisbury, he saw on horseback Grace Fletcher, the daughter of the minister of Hopkinton, in a tight-fitting black velvet dress, and thought she looked "like an angel." Acquaintance deepened that first impression into conviction, and as he sat on one of his visits holding skeins of silk thread for her, the expression of that conviction ran thus, —

"Grace, we have been engaged in untying knots; let us see if we can tie a knot which will not untie for a lifetime."

Suiting action to the word he took a piece of tape, began tying a peculiar knot and bade her finish it. The completion was the symbol of their engagement and subsequent marriage, which took place in the spring of 1808 and continued until 1828, when she winged her way to her native heavens. "The knot never untied" was found in a little box, marked by her husband, with the inscription, Precious Documents."

In politics Mr. Webster, whose cast of mind was decidedly conservative, ranked at that time as a liberal Federalist, very unlike his father, who was a

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stern and uncompromising Federalist. Of him the story runs that being once taken ill in a town noted for its Democratic politics, he asked to be taken to his own home, saying, "I was born a Federalist, I have lived a Federalist, and I won't die in a Democratic town." Mr. Webster professed to belong to the New England Federalists who upheld free trade as a political dogma, and accepted protection only as an article of peace, or an expedient admissible in homœopathic doses only.

The progressive stages in the remarkable career of Daniel Webster may now be briefly indicated. He was chosen by the Portsmouth, N.H., district member of Congress, and took his seat in the House in May, 1813; he was re-elected in 1815, and at the end of the second term retired from public office and settled in Boston. He had risen from the obscurity of a briefless country practice to the highest professional eminence in his native State, and attained the commanding position of a leading practitioner in the Supreme Court of the Nation. In Congress he had become a recognized leader of his party, and established his reputation as one of the most able financiers in the country, and one of its most brilliant orators.

In 1822 he was chosen as a Representative of Boston, and continued in the Lower House until

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1827, when he was elected a Senator from Massachusetts for the full term of six years. Re-elected successively in 1833 and 1839, he retired from the Senate in 1841 to accept the office of Secretary of State under President Harrison.

He remained in office upon the accession of President Tyler, and concluded in 1842 the celebrated treaty with Lord Ashburton, defining the north-east boundary between the United States and Canada.

Retiring soon after to private life, Massachusetts sent him again to the Senate in 1845, where he sat during the Mexican War and President Taylor's administration. In 1850 he entered President Fillmore's Cabinet as Secretary of State, and in that position he died.

In forming an estimate of Daniel Webster, or rather expressing in a few brief paragraphs that already formed, and inscribed by illustrious hands in American history, it may be convenient to think of him as a jurist, a legislator, a statesman, and a man.

As a jurist he shone less as an original thinker, or profound analyst, like Montesquieu and Marshall, than as an advocate or pleader, who understood, as it were, by divination or inspiration to see "*the* point" at issue, and to detect the flaws in the argument of an opponent. On that point he fixed the eagle glance of his intellectual eye, conjured up such au-

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thorities and decisions as he could find, swept the range of his knowledge, and drew forth from the deep recesses of his well-ordered and tenacious memory the "principles." He wrought the nail of his argument before his audience, and under the deliberate and weighty blows of the sledge-hammer of his close, compact, and logical reasoning, and the glow of his irresistible eloquence, the raw material took the desired shape, and when it was finished, — rough, strong, and true, — he drove it home. He was a magnificent special pleader, and many an opponent who entered the lists with him rued his temerity and gave up the ghost; but though in forensic phrase he was killed, the deprivation of life was not a criminal affair, and did not prevent his resurrection after the tournament.

In the opinion of Rufus Choate, Webster "spoke with consummate ability to the bench, and yet exactly as, according to every canon of taste and ethics, the bench ought to be addressed. He spoke with consummate ability to the jury, and yet exactly as, according to every sound canon, that totally different tribunal ought to be addressed;" and in that of William M. Evarts (a high legal authority), "there is not in the general judgment of the profession, nor in the conforming opinion of his countrymen, any lawyer that, in the magnitude of his causes, in the

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greatness of their public character, in the immensity of their influence upon the fortunes of the country, or in the authority which his manner of forensic eloquence produced in courts and over courts, can be placed in the same rank with Mr. Webster."

The following extract from a private letter of Prof. Chauncey A. Goodrich, of Yale College, addressed to Mr. Choate, describing the closing scene of Mr. Webster's argument before the Supreme Court of the United States against the attempted interference by the Legislature of New Hampshire with the vested rights of Dartmouth College, illustrates the nature of his forensic eloquence, and the fertility of his resources: —

"The argument ended, Mr. Webster stood for some moments silent before the court, while every eye was fixed intently upon him. At length, addressing the Chief-Justice, he proceeded thus: —

"'This, sir, is my case. It is the case, not merely of that humble institution; it is the case of every college in the land. It is more. It is the case of every eleemosynary institution throughout the country — of all those great charities founded by the piety of our ancestors to alleviate human misery, and scatter blessings along the pathway of life.

"'It is more! It is, in some sense, the case of every man among us who has any property of which he may be stripped; for the question is simply this, Shall our State Legislatures be allowed to take that which is not their own, to turn it from its original use, and apply it to such ends and purposes as they, in their discretion, may see fit?

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"'Sir, you may destroy this little institution. It is weak; it is in your hands! I know it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of our country. You may put it out. But if you do so, you must carry through your work! You must extinguish, one after another, all those greater lights of science which for more than a century have thrown their radiance over our land!

"'It is, sir, as I have said, a small college. And yet there are those who love it—'

"Here the feelings which he had thus far succeeded in keeping down broke forth. His lips quivered, his firm cheeks trembled with emotion, his eyes filled with tears, his voice choked, and he seemed struggling to the utmost simply to gain that mastery over himself which might save him from an unmanly burst of feeling.

"I will not attempt to give you the few broken words of tenderness in which he went on to speak of his attachment to the college. The whole seemed to be mingled throughout with the recollections of father, mother, brother, and all the privations and trials through which he had made his way into life. Every one saw it was wholly unpremeditated, a pressure on his heart, which sought relief in words and tears. . . .

"There was not one among the strong-minded men of that assembly who could think it unmanly to weep, when he saw standing before him the man who had made such an argument melted into the tenderness of a child.

"Mr. Webster had now recovered his composure, and fixing his keen eye on the Chief-Justice, said in that deep tone with which he sometimes thrilled the heart of an audience, 'Sir, I know not how others may feel' (glancing at the opponents of the college before him), 'but for myself, when I see my Alma Mater surrounded, like Cæsar in the senate house, by those who are reiterating stab after stab, I would not for this right hand have her turn to me and say, "*And thou, too, my son!*"'

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"He sat down. There was a deathlike stillness throughout the room for some moments; every one seemed to be slowly recovering himself, and coming gradually back to the ordinary range of thought and feeling."

The decision of the court, announced a year later (in February, 1819), founded upon a remarkably lucid and impregnably sound opinion of Chief-Justice Marshall, sustained Mr. Webster at all points, and "extended the jurisdiction of the highest federal court more than any other judgment ever rendered by them."[1]

As a legislator Mr. Webster's influence and service can hardly be overrated. An enthusiastic admirer intimates that he is the American "Pericles," and would fain transfer to him the proud title of "Olympian," by which the Athenians loved to distinguish their great orator. This of course refers to his eloquence in debate rather than to the powerful intellect of which it was the expression. In the warm and earnest phrase of one who knew him long and well, who was closely associated with him in many ways, and whose character and ability are a passport to respect, Webster is thus portrayed: —

"Among those who have been celebrated as orators or public speakers, in our own days or in other days, there have been many diversities of gifts and many diversities of opera-

[1] Lodge, "Daniel Webster," p. 96.

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tions. There have been those who were listened to wholly for their intellectual qualities, for the wit or the wisdom, the learning or the philosophy, which characterized their efforts. There have been those to whom the charms of manner, and the graces of elocution, and the melody of voice were the all-sufficient recommendations to attention and applause. And there have been those who have owed their success more to opportunity and occasion, to some stirring theme or some exciting emergency, than to any peculiar attributes of their own. But Webster combined everything. No thoughts more profound and weighty. No style more terse and telling. No illustrations more vivid and clear-cut. No occasions more august and momentous. No voice more deep and thrilling. No manner more impressive and admirable. No presence so grand and majestic as his.

"That great brain of his, as I have seen it working, whether in public debate or in private converse, seemed to me often like some mighty machine, — always ready for action, and almost always in action, evolving much material from its own resources and researches, and eagerly appropriating and assimilating whatever was brought within its reach, producing and reproducing the richest fabrics with the ease and certainty, the precision and the condensing energy, of a perfect Corliss engine — such an one as many of us have just seen presiding so magically and so majestically over the Exposition at Philadelphia." [1]

This glowing eulogium is fully borne out by the perusal of the published writings of Daniel Webster. It was the impression left upon the minds of all who

[1] Speech of the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, at the unveiling of the Webster's statue, Nov. 25, 1876, in Central Park, New York.

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heard and saw him, and not only of his countrymen, but of distinguished men of other lands whom he met abroad.

A few of these will be read with interest. John Adams wrote after *reading* his famous Plymouth oration, "Mr. Burke is no longer entitled to the praise of being the most consummate orator of modern times," and Mr. Ticknor after *hearing* it: "I never was so excited by public speaking before in my life. Three or four times I thought my temples would burst with the gush of blood. . . . When I came out, I was almost afraid to come near him. It seemed to me as if he was like the mount that might not be touched, and that burned with fire. I was beside myself, and am so still."

The Archbishop of Canterbury said to Mr. Winthrop, "I met your wonderful friend Mr. Webster for only five minutes; but in those five minutes I learned more of American institutions, and of the peculiar working of the American Constitution, than in all that I had ever heard or read from any or all other sources."

And Thomas Carlyle, whom no one can charge with partiality for Americans, wrote to Emerson:—

"Not many days ago I saw at breakfast the notablest of all your notabilities, Daniel Webster. He is a very magnificent specimen. You might say to all the world, 'This is our

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Yankee Englishman; such limbs we make in Yankeeland!' As a logic-fencer, or parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world. The tanned complexion; that amorphous, crag-like face; the dull black eyes under the precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be *blown;* the mastiff mouth accurately closed; I have not traced so much of *silent Berserkir*[1] *rage* that I remember of in any man. 'I guess I should not like to be your nigger!' Webster is not loquacious, but he is pertinent, conclusive; a dignified, perfectly bred man, though not English in breeding; a man worthy of the best reception among us, and meeting such I understand."

He did meet it in England, where Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst, and the Earl of Derby, among others, extolled his powers; and in France, where Louis Philippe told him, "I know all about you, sir; and I am delighted to welcome you to Paris. I have your speeches in my library, and often consult them; on some subjects they are models, particularly those relating to finance. I study them more than any other speeches."

The king often sent for him, and on one occasion adverted to his having been a spectator of the

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[1] *Berserkir*, or rather *Berserker* (from Old German *ber*, bare, and *serker*, shirt of mail), the name of a redoubtable hero in Scandinavian mythology, who despised mail and helmet, and always went into battle unharnessed, his fury serving him instead of defensive armor.

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memorable scene at Annapolis when Washington returned his sword to Congress, saying: —

"I saw him, as I sat upon one of the benches, — that great and good man, who had achieved the liberties of his country, and tasted supreme power, — return his sword, in a speech, which for sublimity and grandeur has never been surpassed. I can see him now, so deeply is the scene impressed upon my memory, and could, were I master of the pencil, delineate his personal appearance, even to the very turn of his shoe-buckle. I could almost give every hair of his head faithfully, so deeply was the scene impressed upon me."

We may believe in this instance the narrative of Mr. Webster's "Boswell," although the language sounds neither like the king's nor Mr. Webster's, but the sentiment in the paragraph which follows is undoubtedly genuine.

"When I heard," said Mr. Webster, "in such a presence and by such a person, — then the most intelligent, most powerful, and best informed sovereign in Europe, — so high a eulogy, and so noble a recognition of the merits of the father of my country, it made me prouder of my country than anything that had been said or done during my absence from it."

That theme, the story of the Revolution, with the formation of the Union and the adoption of the Constitution, was interblended with the life of

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Webster, and ever inspired the noblest of his noble utterances.

The munificent donor of the fine statue of Webster in Central Park caused to be inscribed on its granite pedestal the great principle of his public life, which, since he uttered it, has become inwrought into the heart of the people, "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

That principle, so grand by itself, appears and is yet grander with the contrast that precedes it, and reads thus: —

"I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe safety at home and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country.

"That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

"I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what may lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not

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coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people, when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

"While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind.

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood![1]

"Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather behold

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[1] This strong, deep love of the Union, and the inspiring sight of the star-spangled banner, found a touching illustration during the last days of Daniel Webster's life. He kept a small shallop on a sheet of water at the back of his house. One day he sent for his man and bade him observe these directions: after dark he was to hoist a lantern to the masthead of the craft, and raise her colors; this he was to do every night as long as he should live, saying, "I want to keep my flag flying and my light burning until I die."

The very last day he left his room, he looked out upon that favorite piece of water, and seeing the shallop ride safely at anchor, after a gale which had been blowing during the night, with her colors flying, he was much pleased, and cried, "Halloo! I perceive that the home squadron has outridden the gale!"

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the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as — What is all this worth? Nor those other words of delusion and folly — Liberty first, and union afterward; but everywhere spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart — Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

Hundreds of pages might easily be filled with extracts from Mr. Webster's volumes, breathing the same sentiments of lofty, pure, and strongly impassioned patriotism, couched in language as grand and beautiful as the passage just given. None can deny that his advocacy of this grand doctrine of perpetual and inseparable union averted and postponed civil war for a whole generation, and that his teaching has done more for the growth of an intense, pure, self-sacrificing, and ennobling patriotism than that of any other American since his time. American nationality, strong and entire, and the name of Daniel Webster are almost synonymous, and he well deserves to be called, because of his eminent merit in this direction, "of our constitutional liberties the greatest defender."

Legislation and statesmanship are, or ought to be,

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so nearly allied, as to render a separate treatment almost unnecessary. Still, when reference is here made to Mr. Webster as a statesman, it imports his withdrawal from the arena of parliamentary debate, and his conduct in the capacity of Secretary of State of the affairs of the nation.

It has already been stated in a former paragraph that Mr. Webster filled that position first, under the administration of Presidents Harrison and Tyler, and again after an interval of seven years, under that of President Fillmore. By far the most difficult and important event of his first term of office was the negotiation and conclusion of the "Ashburton Treaty." Incidents flowing from the Canadian rebellion in 1837, and several other unadjusted matters, had strained the diplomatic relation between Great Britain and the United States, which, owing to the attitude of the belligerent Lord Palmerston, and that of the rather defiant Mr. Stevenson, the American minister at the Court of St. James, produced an irritation which might momentarily have eventuated in war.

Mr. Webster, with great skill and diplomatic address, set himself to the removal of the lesser and more annoying matters, and hailed the advent of Lord Aberdeen as Lord Palmerston's successor in the British Foreign Office as the harbinger of

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an honorable and lasting peace. The more pacific tendencies of the British minister found an appropriate response in the appointment of Mr. Everett as American minister to England.

Mr. Webster's proposal to Mr. Fox, the British representative at Washington, of settling the vexed boundary question by the adoption of a conventional line, commended itself to the judgment of the English government, and led to the despatch, early in 1842, of Lord Ashburton, well known as friendly to the United States, as a special commissioner for the negotiation of a treaty. The proposed boundary line was not satisfactory to the States of Maine and Massachusetts, but Mr. Webster succeeded in overcoming their objections by the expedient of providing in a special clause for the pecuniary indemnification by the United States for the territorial loss of the said States. This settled the question of boundary; but the treaty did not stop there, it took cognizance of the British claim to the right of search for the suppression of the slave trade, by the introduction of a clause known as the "cruising convention," in virtue of which each of the contracting nations undertook to keep its own squadron on the coast of Africa to deal with offenders according to its own laws.

Mr. Webster also managed the sore and burning

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question of the return of fugitive slaves with dexterous ability, and contending that America demanded only the extradition of criminals, secured the introduction of a clause to that effect. On the old and open question of "impressment" the British representative was inflexible, but the American negotiator laid down the rule that thereafter "in every regularly documented American merchant vessel, the crew who navigate it will find their protection in the flag which is over them;" and as that meant in plain speech that America would resist by force of arms every attempted seizure of sailors on board an American vessel, the letter which intimated it was as good as a clause in the treaty.

The treaty, after running the gauntlet of violent opposition here and in England, was ratified, and is one of the ablest and most important treaties ever concluded with a foreign government.

Mr. Webster's conduct of the State Department in Mr. Tyler's Cabinet exhibited the highest qualities of statesmanship, and earned for him a reputation in that difficult and delicate office only second to that of John Quincy Adams.

During his second term of office the affair of the "Hülsemann Letter" was a notable incident which roused much popular enthusiasm. The revolutionary movement in Hungary, which in the spring of

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1849 bade fair to terminate in the establishment of an independent Magyar government, induced President Taylor to despatch an agent to that country with a view to recognition; he arrived when the patriotic aims of Kossuth had been hopelessly crushed both by internal dissensions, and the iron heel of the Austrian and Russian armies; he accordingly reported against the recognition of the Hungarian government. The sympathetic action of our government was not relished at Vienna, and Mr. Hülsemann, the Austrian *chargé*[1] at Washington, was instructed to protest against it. Mr. Clayton, who was then Secretary of State, replied that the action of the United States had not been inimical to a friendly power, and that the agent had only been instructed to gather information. The explanation was not deemed satisfactory, and the *chargé*, under further instructions from his government, continued the correspondence, but assumed an attitude and used language which were insulting to this country.

Mr. Webster was in office when the matter had reached this stage, and despatched the famous "Hülsemann Letter," in which the *chargé* was rather roughly handled. The matter of the document was admirable, and forcibly demonstrated the right of

[1] *Chargé*, a French word, (*shăr-zhā'*), a diplomatic representative of an inferior grade.

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the United States to seek information concerning an alleged *de facto* government, and, if they saw fit, to recognize it; but the manner of statement, as well as the remarks accompanying it, were a departure from the staid suavities of diplomatic intercourse, and though richly deserved by the impertinencies of the *chargé*, hardly compatible with the high-toned dignity of the Secretary of State. The departure, however, was deliberated and designed, first, to inform the Powers that America was conscious of her strength, and ready on provocation to show it, and secondly to foster a spirit of patriotism and national pride at home. In both respects the Letter was eminently successful, for Mr. Hülsemann changed his tone, and the nation applauded the doughty Secretary.

The liberation of Kossuth by the Turkish government, his voyage on board an American frigate, first to England, and then to this country, his enthusiastic reception here, including a speech of Mr. Webster's at the banquet in Boston, however, were too much for the equanimity and Austrian patriotism of Mr. Hülsemann, who sent a vitriolic farewell letter to Mr. Webster and returned to Vienna. The approbation of his successor, duly conveyed through the American minister to Austria, was the only reply vouchsafed by the Secretary.

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As a man, Mr. Webster shone in many respects. He was a good son and brother, a tender and affectionate husband, an excellent father, and a true friend. But the strictly private relations of his life need not be unfolded here. Those who knew him best and longest, loved him most.

He was emphatically a social and a most sociable man. Mr. Everett says that "he loved to live with his friends, with good, pleasant men who loved him." This was his delight, alike when oppressed with the multiplied cares of office at Washington, and when enjoying the repose and quiet of Marshfield.

"Who that ever enjoyed it can forget the charm of his hospitality, so liberal, so choice, so thoughtful? In the very last days of his life, and when confined to the couch from which he never rose, he continued to give minute directions for the hospitable entertainment of the anxious and sorrowful friends who came to Marshfield. . . .

"He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and repeated or listened to a humorous anecdote with infinite glee. He narrated with unsurpassed clearness, brevity, and grace, — no tedious, unnecessary details, to spin out the story, the fault of most professed *raconteurs*,[1] but its main points set each in its place, so as often to make a little dinner-table epic, but all naturally, and without effort. He delighted in anecdotes of eminent men, especially of eminent Americans, and his memory was

[1] *Raconteur*, a French word pronounced as nearly as may be presented by English letters and sounds, *rȧ-cŏng-tūre'*, a narrator, a teller of stories.

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stored with them. He would sometimes briefly discuss a question in natural history, relative, for instance, to climate, or the races and habits and breeds of the different domestic animals, or the various kinds of our native game, for he knew the secrets of the forest.

"He delighted to treat a topic drawn from life, manner, and the great industrial pursuits of the community; and he did it with such spirit and originality as to throw a charm around subjects which, in common hands, are trivial and uninviting. Nor were the stores of our sterling literature less at his command. He had such an acquaintance with the great writers of our language, especially the historians and poets, as enabled him to enrich his conversation with the most apposite allusions and illustrations. When the occasion and character of the company invited it, his conversation turned on higher themes, and sometimes rose to the moral sublime."[1]

Mr. Webster's sense of humor was very marked. One day Mr. Ruggles, of New York, conversing with him, called the Mississippi "the *great fact* of this country," and was rather surprised by the reply, "Sir, it may be a great fact; but let me tell you, the great chain of lakes is a very *broad hint!*"

An acquaintance of his, noted for embellishment and invention, whose Christian name was John, was startled by Mr. Webster's address, "John, you are an amphibious animal!" and asked for the meaning of the singular application.

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[1] Extract from Mr. Edward Everett's speech at the Revere House, Boston, Jan. 18, 1856, in commemoration of the seventy-fourth anniversary of Mr. Webster's birthday.

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"It means, John," explained Mr. Webster, "an animal that *lies* equally well on land and on water."

The story of the dishonest furniture-dealer also reveals inimitable dry humor, and, for a man of the law, remarkable forbearance. The said dealer, presenting a bill for goods which Mr. Webster thought had been paid for at the time of their purchase, was asked to call again. The bill was sent in repeatedly, and at last the tradesman threatened legal proceedings unless it were paid forthwith. Mr. Webster bade him call the next day, and promised that the bill should then be settled. When the man had left, Mr. Webster asked Mr. Healy, his partner, to examine the files, and two receipts for the same bill in two successive years lay before Mr. Webster when the clamorous creditor appeared again and made an imperious demand for payment. Mr. Webster looked at him, and, holding out the two receipts, said, —

"The charges in this bill I always considered exorbitant. I thought so when *I* paid it; Mr. Healy had the same impression when *he* paid it as my agent; and as you have already been twice paid, as appears by these receipts, it strikes me that, if a reasonable man, you ought to be satisfied."

The upholsterer left speechless; and Mr. Webster did not seek to recover the second payment of the bill.

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Mr. Webster, of course, had his failings, of which the most notable was a careless facility for running into debt, and remaining in debt. He never cared for money for its own sake, but he acquired expensive tastes, and often indulged the luxury of generosity at the expense of justice.

His religious convictions were strong and clear, and there is no doubt whatever that his giant intellect accepted with childlike and touching simplicity the great truths of the Christian religion. He loved the Bible, and was wont to read portions of it every day; a favorite passage, and one doubtless expressive of his own trust, was the grand confession of faith uttered by the impassioned eloquence of Habakkuk.

"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

This strong trust clung to him all through life, from the time when his mother led and formed his devotion, to the very last, when he ordered the following words to be inscribed on his tombstone at Marshfield:—

"'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.'—Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness of the universe, in comparison with the apparent insignificance of this

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globe, has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith which is in me; but my heart has always assured and re-assured me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a Divine Reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be a merely human production. This belief enters into the very depth of my conscience. The whole history of man proves it. — DANIEL WEBSTER."

This deep religious bias showed itself in a touching and striking manner on the occasion of the accident which doubtless hastened his death. He was thrown from his carriage, while driving in Kingston, near Marshfield, and carried senseless into the house of Mr. Holmes. The physician who was sent for records: —

"While I was dressing the wound on his forehead, which was much contused and somewhat lacerated, Mrs. D., the lady of the house, entered the door of the chamber, and passed to the opposite side of the room with seeming awe, as if fearing to approach. Mr. Webster, casting his eyes on the woman as she passed, said,

"'Madam, how very diversified is the lot of humanity in this our world! A certain man, passing from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among thieves, and was ill-treated. A man, passing from Marshfield to Plymouth, fell among a very hospitable set of people, and was taken care of.'"

He rallied, and for several months attended to the

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duties of his office, but he was rapidly failing, and when, in September, 1852, he returned to Marshfield, he felt that his days were numbered. Firm, resolute, and courageous, he bore his sufferings with manly fortitude, and breathed words of tender affection for the anxious and loving friends who surrounded him. He remained perfectly conscious to the last, and after ejaculating the memorable farewell words, "I still live," fell asleep to wake no more.

According to ancient usage, the violent ringing of the church-bell announced to the people of Marshfield the occurrence of a death; three times three strokes of the bell indicated the departure of a male; and seventy slow taps which followed were the expressive token that Daniel Webster had ceased to breathe, and on that Sunday morn had entered upon his Sabbath of rest.

On the lawn of his homestead, reposing on a mound of flowers, thousands cast their parting look of affection on the majestic form of the departed patriot, which the farmers of Marshfield lifted and bore on their shoulders to the chosen lofty spot, in full view and within hearing of the murmuring sea, and gently laid their burden by the side of his wife and children.

Daniel Webster died on Sunday morning, Oct. 24, and was buried on Friday, Oct. 29, 1852. He died as to the outward man, but "still lives," and is des-

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tined to live, in the hearts of his countrymen, while the Union shall last, and the standard of freedom float over the United States.

FROM "THE CLOUD."

SHELLEY.

I BIND the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl:
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwind my banners unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hand a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

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WATERLOO.

IF it had not rained on the night between the 17th and 18th June, 1815, the future of Europe would have been changed; a few drops of rain more or less made Napoleon oscillate. In order to make Waterloo the end of Austerlitz, it only required a little rain; and a cloud crossing the sky at a season when rain was not expected was sufficient to overthrow an empire. The battle of Waterloo could not begin till half-past eleven, and that gave Blücher time to come up. Why? because the ground was moist and it was necessary for it to become firmer, that the artillery might manœuvre. Napoleon was an artillery officer, and always showed himself one; all his battle plans are made for projectiles. Making artillery converge on a given point was his key to victory. He treated the strategy of the opposing general as a citadel, and breached it; he crushed the weak point under grape-shot, and he began and ended his battles with artillery. Driving in squares, pulverizing regiments, breaking lines, destroying and

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dispersing masses, all this must be done by striking, striking, striking incessantly, and he confided the task to artillery. It was a formidable method, and, allied to genius, rendered this gloomy pugilist of war invincible for fifteen years.

On June 18, 1815, he counted the more on his artillery, because he held the numerical superiority. Wellington had only one hundred and fifty-nine guns, while Napoleon had two hundred and forty. Had the earth been dry and the artillery able to move, the action would have begun at six A.M. It would have been won and over by two P.M., three hours before the Prussian interlude.

How much blame was there on Napoleon's side for the loss of this battle? is the shipwreck imputable to the pilot? was the evident physical decline of Napoleon at that period complicated by a certain internal diminution? had twenty years of war worn out the blade as well as the scabbard, the soul as well as the body? was the veteran being awkwardly displayed in the captain? In a word, was the genius, as many historians of reputation have believed, eclipsed? was he becoming frenzied, in order to conceal his own weakening from himself? was he beginning to oscillate and veer with the wind? was he becoming unconscious of danger, which is a serious thing in a general? In that

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class of great material men who may be called the giants of action, is there an age when genius becomes short-sighted? Old age has no power over ideal genius; with the Dantes and the Michael Angelos old age is growth, but is it declension for the Hannibals and the Bonapartes? had Napoleon lost the direct sense of victory? had he reached a point where he no longer saw the rock, guessed the snare, and could not discern the crumbling edge of the abyss? could he not scent catastrophies? had the man who formerly knew all the roads to victory and pointed to them with a sovereign finger, from his flashing car, now a mania for leading his tumultuous team of legions to the precipices? was he attacked at the age of forty-six by a supreme madness? was the Titanic charioteer of destiny now only a Phaëton?

We do not believe it.

His plan of action, it is allowed by all, was a masterpiece. Go straight at the centre of the allied line, make a hole through the enemy, cut him in two, drive the British half over Halle, and the Prussians over Tingres, carry Mont St. Jean, seize Brussels, drive the German into the Rhine and the Englishman into the sea — all this was contained for Napoleon in this battle; afterwards he would see.

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Two hostile armies on a battle-field are two wrestlers, — one tries to throw the other; they cling to everything; a thicket is a basis; for want of a village to support it, a regiment gives way; a fall in the plain, a transverse hedge in a good position, a wood, a ravine, may arrest the heel of that column which is called an army, and prevent it slipping. The one who leaves the field is beaten; and hence the necessity for the responsible chief to examine the smallest clump of trees, and investigate the slightest rise in the ground.

The two generals had attentively studied the plain of Mont St. Jean, which is called at the present day the field of Waterloo. In the previous year, Wellington, with prescient sagacity, had examined it as suitable for a great battle. On this ground and for this duel of June 18, Wellington had the good side and Napoleon the bad; for the English army was above, the French army below.

It is almost superfluous to sketch here the appearance of Napoleon, mounted and with his telescope in his hand, as he appeared on the heights of Rossomme at the dawn of June 18. Before we show him, all the world has seen him. The calm profile under the little hat of the Brienne school, the green uniform, the white facings concealing the decorations, the great coat concealing the

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epaulettes, the red ribbon under the waistcoat, the leather breeches, the white horse with its housings of purple velvet, having in the corners crowned N's and eagles, the riding-boots drawn over silk stockings, the silver spurs, the sword of Marengo, — the whole appearance of the last of the Cæsars rises before every mind, applauded by some, and regarded sternly by others.

This figure has for a long time stood out all light; this was owing to a certain legendary obscuration which most heroes evolve, and which always conceals the truth for a longer or shorter period, but at the present day we have history and light. That brilliancy called history is pitiless; it has this strange and divine thing about it, that, all light as it is, and because it is light, it often throws shadows over spots before luminous, it makes of the same man two different phantoms, and one attacks the other, and the darkness of the despot struggles with the lustre of the captain. Hence comes a truer proportion in the definite appreciation of nations; Babylon violated, diminishes Alexander; Rome enchained, diminishes Cæsar; Jerusalem killed, diminishes Titus. Tyranny follows the tyrant, and it is a misfortune for a man to leave behind him a night which has his form.

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All the world knows the first phase of this battle; a troubled, uncertain, hesitating opening, dangerous for both armies, but more so for the English than the French. It had rained all night; the ground was saturated; the rain had collected in hollows of the plain as in tubs; at certain points the ammunition wagons had sunk in up to the axle-trees and the girths of the horses; if the wheat and barley laid low by this mass of moving vehicles had not filled the ruts, and made a litter under the wheels, any movement, especially in the valleys, in the direction of Papelotte, would have been impossible.

The battle began late, for Napoleon, as we have explained, was accustomed to hold all his artillery in hand like a pistol, aiming first at one point, then at another of the battle, and he resolved to wait until the field batteries could gallop freely, and for this purpose it was necessary that the sun should appear and dry the ground. But the sun did not come out; it was no longer the rendezvous of Austerlitz. When the first cannon-shot was fired, the English General Colville drew out his watch, and saw that it was twenty-five minutes to twelve.

In the English infantry, especially in Kempt's brigade, there were many recruits, and these young

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soldiers valiantly withstood our formidable foot, and they behaved excellently as sharp-shooters. The soldier being left to some extent to his own resources, becomes as it were his own general; and these recruits displayed something of the French invention and fury. These novices displayed an impulse, and it displeased Wellington.

After the taking of La Haye Sainte, the battle vacillated. There is an obscure interval in this day, between twelve and four; the middle of this battle is almost indistinct, and participates in the gloom of the *melée*. A twilight sets in, and we perceive vast fluctuations in this mist, a dizzying mirage, the panoply of war at that day, unknown in our times; flaming colpacks; cross-belts; Grenadier bear-skins; Hussar dolmans; red boots with a thousand wrinkles; heavy shakos enwreathed with gold twist; the nearly black Brunswick infantry mingled with the scarlet infantry of England; the English soldiers wearing clumsy round white cushions for epaulettes; the Hanoverian light horse with their leathern helmets, brass bands, and red horse-tails; the Highlanders with their bare knees and chequered plaids, and the long white gaiters of our Grenadiers, — pictures but not strategic lines.

Whatever the combination of the generals may

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be, the collision of armed masses has incalculable ebbs and flows; in action the two plans of the leaders enter into each other and destroy their shape. The line of battle floats and winds like a thread, the streams of blood flow illogically, the fronts of armies undulate, the regiments in advancing or retiring form capes or gulfs, and all these rocks are continually shifting their position; where infantry was, artillery arrives; where artillery was, cavalry dash in; the battalions are smoke. There was something there, but when you look for it, it has disappeared; the gloomy masses advance and retreat; a species of breath from the tomb impels, drives back, swells, and disperses these tragic multitudes. What is a battle? an oscillation. The immobility of a mathematical plan expresses a minute and not a day. To paint a battle, those powerful painters who have chaos in their pencils are needed.

Let us add that there is always a certain moment in which the battle degenerates into a combat, is particularized and broken up into countless detail facts which, to borrow the expression of Napoleon himself, "belong rather to the biography of regiments than to the history of the army." The historian, in such a case, has the evident right to sum up; he can only catch the principal outlines

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of the struggle, and it is not given to any narrator, however conscientious he may be, to absolutely fix the form of that horrible cloud which is called a battle.

This, which is true of all great armed collisions, is peculiarly applicable to Waterloo; still, at a certain moment in the afternoon, the battle began to assume a settled shape.

At about four o'clock P.M. the situation of the English army was serious. The Prince of Orange commanded the centre, Hill the right, and Picton the left. The Prince of Orange, wild and intrepid, shouted to the Dutch Belgians: "Nassau Brunswick, never yield an inch." Hill, fearfully weakened, had just fallen back on Wellington, while Picton was dead. At the very moment when the English took from the French the flag of the 105th line regiment, the French killed General Picton with a bullet through his head.

The battle had two bases for Wellington, Hougomont and La Haye Sainte. Hougomont still held out, though on fire, while La Haye Sainte was lost. Of the German battalion that defended it, forty-two men only survived; all the officers but five were killed or taken prisoners. Three thousand combatants had been massacred in that focus; a sergeant of the English Guards, the first boxer of

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England and reputed invulnerable by his comrades, had been killed there by a little French drummer. Barny was dislodged, and Alten was sabred: several flags had been lost, one belonging to Alten's division and one to the Luxembourg battalion, which was borne by a prince of the Deux-ponts family. The Scotch Greys no longer existed; Ponsonby's heavy dragoons were cut to pieces, — this brave cavalry had given way before the Lancers of Bex and the cuirassiers of Traver. Of twelve hundred sabres only six hundred remained; of three lieutenant-colonels, two were kissing the ground, Hamilton wounded, and Mather killed. Ponsonby had fallen, pierced by seven lance wounds; Gordon was dead, March was dead, and two divisions, the fifth and sixth, were destroyed.

The centre of the English army, which was slightly concave, very dense and compact, was strongly situated; it occupied the plateau of Mont St. Jean, having the village behind it, and before it the slope, which at that time was rather steep. It was supported by that strong stone house, which at that period was a domainial property of Nivelles, standing at the cross-road, and an edifice dating from the 16th century, so robust that the cannon-balls rebounded without doing it any injury. All

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round the plateau the English had cut through the hedges at certain spots, formed embrasures in the hawthorns, thrust guns between branches, and loop-holed the shrubs, — their artillery was ambuscaded under the brambles. This Punic task, incontestably authorized by the rules of war which permit snares, had been so well effected that Haxo, who had been sent by the emperor at eight o'clock to reconnoitre the enemy's batteries, returned to tell Napoleon that there was no obstacle, with exception of the barricades blocking the Nivelles and Genappe roads. It was the season when the wheat is still standing, and along the edge of the plateau a battalion of Kempt's brigade, the 95th, was lying in the tall corn. Thus assured and supported, the centre of the Anglo-Dutch army was in a good position.

Wellington, restless but impassive, was mounted, and remained for the whole day in the same attitude, a little in front of the old mill of Mont St. Jean, which still exists, and under an elm-tree, which an Englishman, an enthusiastical Vandal, afterwards bought for two hundred francs, cut down, and carried away. Wellington was coldly heroic; there was a shower of cannon-balls, and his aide-de-camp Gordon was killed by his side. Lord Hill, pointing to a bursting shell, said to him,

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"My lord, what are your instructions, and what orders do you leave us, if you are killed?"—"Do as I am doing," Wellington answered. To Clinton he said, laconically, "Hold out here to the last man." The day was evidently turning badly, and Wellington cried to his old comrades, "Boys, can you think of giving way? Remember old England."

About four o'clock the English line fell back all at once; nothing was visible on the crest of the plateau but artillery and sharp-shooters; the rest had disappeared. The regiments, expelled by the French shell and cannon-balls, fell back into the hollow which at the present day is intersected by the lane that runs to the farm of Mont St. Jean. A retrograde movement began, the English front withdrew. Wellington was recoiling. "It is the beginning of the retreat," Napoleon cried.

The emperor, though ill and suffering on horseback from a local injury, had never been so good-tempered as on this day. From the morning his impenetrability had been smiling, and on June 18, 1815, this profound soul, coated with granite, was radiant. The man who had been sombre at Austerlitz was gay at Waterloo.

It seemed to him as if destiny had made an appointment with him on a fixed day and was

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punctual. He stopped his horse, and remained for some time motionless, looking at the lightning and listening to the thunder. The fatalist was heard to cast into the night the mysterious words, "We are agreed." Napoleon was mistaken; they were no longer agreed.

He had not slept for a moment: all the instants of the past night had been marked with joy for him. He rode through the entire line of main guards, stopping every now and then to speak to the videttes. At half-past two he heard the sound of a marching column near Hougomont, and believed for a moment in a retreat on the side of Wellington. He said to Bertrand, "The English rear-guard is preparing to decamp. I shall take prisoners the six thousand English who have just landed at Ostende." He talked cheerfully, and had regained the spirits he had displayed during the landing of March 1st, when he showed the grand marshal the enthusiastic peasant of the Juan Gulf, and said, "Well, Bertrand, here is a reinforcement already." On the night between June 17 and 18 he made fun of Wellington: "This little Englishman requires a lesson," said Napoleon. The rain became twice as violent, and it thundered while the emperor was speaking. At half-past three A.M. he lost one illusion: officers sent to

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reconnoitre informed him that the enemy was making no movement. Nothing was stirring, not a single bivouac fire was extinguished, and the English army was sleeping. The silence was profound on earth, and there was only noise in the heavens.

At four o'clock a peasant was brought to him by the scouts: this peasant had served as guide to a brigade of English cavalry, probably Vivian's, which had taken up a position on the extreme left in the village of Ohain. At five o'clock two Belgian deserters informed him that they had just left their regiments, and the English army meant fighting. "All the better," cried Napoleon; "I would sooner crush them than drive them back."

At daybreak he dismounted on the slope which forms the angle of the Plancenoit road, had a kitchen table and a peasant chair brought from the farm of Rossomme, sat down with a truss of straw for a carpet, and laid on the table the map of the battle-field, saying to Soult, "It is a pretty chess-board." Owing to the night rain, the commissariat wagons, which stuck in the muddy roads, did not arrive by daybreak. The troops had not slept, were wet through and fasting, but this did not prevent Napoleon from exclaiming cheerfully to Soult, "We have ninety chances out f a hundred in our favor."

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At eight o'clock the emperor's breakfast was brought, and he invited several generals to share it with him. While breakfasting somebody said that Wellington had been the last evening but one at a ball in Brussels, and Soult, the rough soldier with his archbishop's face, remarked, "The ball will be to-day." The emperor teased Ney for saying, "Wellington will not be so simple as to wait for your Majesty." This was his usual manner. He was fond of a joke; the basis of his character was a pleasant humor. He abounded with jests more peculiar than witty. This gayety of the giant is worth dwelling on: it was he who called his Grenadiers "Growlers"; he pinched their ears and pulled their mustaches. "The emperor was always playing tricks with us," was a remark made by one of them. During the mysterious passage from Elba to France, on February 27th, the French brig of war, the *Zephyr*, met the *Inconstant*, on board which Napoleon was concealed, and inquiring after Napoleon, the emperor, who still had in his hat the white and violet cockade studded with bees which he had adopted at Elba, himself laughingly took up the speaking-trumpet, and answered, "The emperor is quite well." A man who jests in this way is on familiar terms with events.

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Napoleon had several outbursts of this laughter during the breakfast of Waterloo: after breakfast he reflected for quarter of an hour; then two generals sat down on the truss of straw with a pen in their hand, and a sheet of paper on their knee, and the emperor dictated to them the plan of the battle.

At nine o'clock, the moment when the French army, moving in five columns, began to deploy, the divisions in two lines, the artillery between, the bands in front, drums rattling and bugles braying — a powerful, mighty, joyous army, a sea of bayonets and helmets on the horizon, the emperor, much affected, twice exclaimed, "Magnificent! magnificent!"

Between nine and half-past ten, although it seems incredible, the whole army took up position, and was drawn up in six lines, forming, to repeat the emperor's expression, "the figure of six V's." A few minutes after the formation of the line, and in the midst of that profound silence which precedes the storm of a battle, the emperor, seeing three 12-pounder batteries defile, which had been detached by his orders, and which were intended to begin the action at the spot where the Nivelles and Genappe roads crossed, tapped Haxo on the shoulder, and said, "There are twenty-four pretty

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girls, general." Sure of the result, he encouraged with a smile the company of sappers of the first corps as it passed him, which he had selected to barricade itself in Mont St. Jean, so soon as the village was carried.

All this security was only crossed by one word of human pity: on seeing at his left, at the spot where there is now a large tomb, the admirable Scotch Greys massed with their superb horses, he said, "It is a pity." Then he mounted his horse, rode toward Rossomme, and selected as his observatory a narrow strip of grass on the right of the road running from Genappe to Brussels, and this was his second station. The third station, the one he took at seven in the evening, is formidable, — it is a rather lofty mound which still exists, and behind which the guard was massed in a hollow. Around this mound, the balls ricochetted on the pavement of the road and reached Napoleon. As at Brienne, he had round his head the whistle of bullets and canister. Almost at the spot where his horse's hoofs stood, cannon-balls, old sabre-blades, and shapeless rust-eaten projectiles, have been picked up; a few years ago, a live shell was dug up, the fusee of which had broken off.

It was at this station that the emperor said to his guide, Lacoste, a hostile, timid peasant, who

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was fastened to a hussar's saddle, and tried at each volley of canister to hide himself behind Napoleon, "You ass, it is shameful; you will be killed in the back." The person who is writing these lines himself found, while digging up the sand in the friable slope of this mound, the remains of a shell rotted by the oxide of forty-six years, and pieces of iron which broke like sticks of barley-sugar between his fingers.

Napoleon was accustomed to look steadily at war; he never reckoned up the poignant details; he cared little for figures, provided that they gave the total — victory. If the commencement went wrong, he did not alarm himself, as he believed himself master and owner of the end; he knew how to wait, and treated destiny as an equal. He seemed to say to fate, "You would not dare!"

One-half light, one-half shade, Napoleon felt himself protected in good, and tolerated in evil. There was, or he fancied there was, for him a connivance, we might say, almost a complicity, on the part of events, equivalent to the ancient invulnerability. A mysterious frown becomes visible on the face of heaven. At the moment when Wellington retrograded, Napoleon quivered. He suddenly saw the plateau of Mont St. Jean deserted, and the front of the English army disap-

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pear. The emperor half-raised himself in his stirrups, and the flash of victory passed into his eyes.

The emperor drew himself up and reflected; Wellington was retiring, and all that was needed now was to complete this retreat by an overthrow. Napoleon hurriedly turned and sent off a messenger at full speed to Paris to announce that the battle was gained. Napoleon was one of those geniuses from whom thunder issues, and he had just found his thunder-stroke; he gave Milhaud's cuirassiers orders to carry the plateau of Mont St. Jean.

They were three thousand five hundred in number, and formed a front a quarter of a league in length; they were gigantic men mounted on colossal horses. They wore a helmet without a plume, and a cuirass of wrought steel, and were armed with pistols and a straight sabre. In the morning the whole army had admired them when they came up at nine o'clock, with bugles sounding.

The aide-de-camp Bernard carried to them the emperor's order: Ney drew his sabre and placed himself at their head, and the mighty squadrons started. Then a formidable spectacle was seen: the whole of this cavalry, with raised sabres, with standards flying, and formed in columns of division, descended, with one movement and as one

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man, with the precision of a bronze battering-ram opening a breech, the hill of the Belle Alliance.

They entered the formidable valley in which so many men had already fallen, disappeared in the smoke, and then, emerging from the gloom, reappeared on the other side of the valley, still in a close, compact column, mounting at a trot, under a tremendous canister fire, the frightful muddy incline of the plateau of Mont St. Jean. They ascended it, stern, threatening, and imperturbable; between the breaks in the artillery and musketry fire, the colossal tramp could be heard. As they formed two divisions, they were in two columns: Wathier's division was on the right, Delord's on the left. At a distance it appeared as if two immense steel lizards were crawling toward the crest of the plateau; they traversed the battle-field like a flash.

Nothing like it had been seen since the capture of the great redoubt of the Moskova by the heavy cavalry: Murat was missing, but Ney was there. It seemed as if this mass had become a monster, and had but one soul; each squadron undulated, and swelled like the rings of a polype. This could be seen through a vast smoke which was rent asunder at intervals; it was a pell-mell of helmets, shouts, and sabres, a stormy bounding of horses

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among cannon, and a disciplined and terrible array; while above it all flashed the cuirasses like the scales of the dragon.

It was a curious numerical coincidence that twenty-six battalions were preparing to receive the charge of these twenty-six squadrons. Behind the crest of the plateau, in the shadow of the masked battery, thirteen English squares, each of two battalions and formed two deep, with seven men in the first lines and six in the second, were waiting, calm, dumb, and motionless, with their muskets, for what was coming. They did not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers did not see them: they merely heard this tide of men ascending. They heard the swelling sound of three thousand horses, the alternating and symmetrical sound of the hoof, the clang of the cuirasses, the clash of the sabres, and a species of great and formidable breathing. There was a long and terrible silence, and then a long file of raised arms, brandishing sabres, and helmets, and bugles and standards, and three thousand heads with great mustaches, shouting, "Long live the emperor!" appeared above the crest. The whole of this cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the commencement of an earthquake.

All at once, terrible to relate, the head of the

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column of cuirassiers facing the English left reared with a fearful clamor. On reaching the culminating point of the crest, furious and eager to make their exterminating dash on the English squares and guns, the cuirassiers noticed between them and the English a trench, a grave. It was the hollow road of Ohain. It was a frightful moment, — the ravine was there, unexpected, yawning, almost precipitous, beneath the horses' feet, and with a depth of twelve feet between its two sides. The second rank thrust the first into the abyss; the horses reared, fell back, slipped with all four feet in the air, crushing and throwing their riders. There was no means of escaping; the entire column was one huge projectile. The force acquired to crush the English, crushed the French, and the inexorable ravine would not yield till it was filled up. Men and horses rolled into it pell-mell, crushing each other, and making one large charnel-house of the gulf, and when this grave was full of living men the rest passed over them. Nearly one-third of Dubois' brigade rolled into this abyss. This commenced the loss of the battle.

A local tradition, which evidently exaggerates, says that two thousand horses and fifteen hundred men were buried in the hollow way of Ohain. These figures probably comprise the other corpses

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cast into the ravine on the day after the battle. Napoleon, before ordering this charge, had surveyed the ground, but had been unable to see this hollow way, which did not form even a ripple on the crest of the plateau. Warned, however, by the little white chapel which marks its juncture with the Nivelles road, he had asked Lacoste a question, probably as to whether there was any obstacle. The guide answered no, and we might almost say that Napoleon's catastrophe was brought about by a peasant's shake of the head.

The battery was unmasked simultaneously with the ravine, — sixty guns and thirteen squares thundered at the cuirassiers at point-blank range. The intrepid General Delord gave a military salute to the English battery. The whole of the English field artillery had entered the squares at a gallop; the cuirassiers had not even a moment for reflection. The disaster of the hollow way had decimated but not discouraged them; they were of that nature of men whose hearts grow large when their number is diminished.

The cuirassiers rushed at the English squares at full gallop, with hanging bridles, sabres in their mouths, and pistols in their hands. There are moments in a battle when the soul hardens a man, so that it changes the soldier into a statue, and

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all flesh becomes granite. The English battalions, though fiercely assailed, did not move. Then there was a frightful scene, all the faces of the English squares were attacked simultaneously, and a frenzied whirl surrounded them. But the cold infantry remained impassive; the front rank kneeling received the cuirassiers on their bayonets, while the second fired at them; behind the second rank the artillerymen loaded their guns, the front of the square opened to let an eruption of canister pass, and then closed again.

The squares, where broken by the impetuous cavalry, contracted without yielding an inch of ground; inexhaustible in canister they produced an explosion in the midst of the assailants. The aspect of this combat was monstrous: these squares were no longer battalions but craters; these cuirassiers were no longer cavalry, but a tempest,—each square was a volcano attacked by a storm; the lava combated the lightning.

The cuirassiers, relatively few in number, and reduced by the catastrophe of the ravine, had against them nearly the whole English army; but they multiplied themselves, and each man was worth ten. Some Hanoverian battalions, however, gave way: Wellington saw it and thought of his cavalry. Had Napoleon at this moment thought

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of his infantry, the battle would have been won, and this forgetfulness was his great and fatal fault.

All at once the assailers found themselves assailed; the English cavalry were on their backs, before them the squares, behind them Somerset with the one thousand four hundred dragoon guards. Somerset had on his right Dornberg with the German chevau-legers, and on his left Trip with the Belgian carbineers; the cuirassiers, attacked on the flank and in front, before and behind, by infantry and cavalry, were compelled to make a front on all sides. But what did they care? they were a whirlwind, their bravery became indescribable.

In addition, they had behind them the still thundering battery, and it was only in such a way that these men could be wounded in the back. One of these cuirasses with a hole through the left scapula, is in the Waterloo Museum. For such Frenchmen, nothing less than such Englishmen was required. It was no longer a *melée;* it was a headlong fury, a hurricane of flashing swords. In an instant the one thousand four hundred dragoons were only eight hundred, and Fuller, their lieutenant-colonel, was dead. Ney dashed up; the plateau of Mont St. Jean was taken and retaken, and taken again. The cuirassiers left the

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cavalry to attack the infantry, or, to speak more correctly, all these men collared each other and did not lose their hold. The squares still held out after twelve assaults. Ney had four horses killed under him, and one-half of the cuirassiers remained on the plateau. This struggle lasted two hours. The English army was profoundly shaken; and there is no doubt that, had not the cuirassiers been weakened in their attack by the disaster of the hollow way, they would have broken through the centre and decided the victory.

Everybody knows Napoleon's awful mistake; Grouchy expected, Blücher coming up, death instead of life. Destiny has such turnings as this: men anticipate the throne of the world, and perceive St. Helena. If the little shepherd who served as guide to Bülow, Blücher's lieutenant, had advised him to debouche from the forest above Frischemont, instead of below Plancenoit, the form of the nineteenth century would have been different, for Napoleon would have won the battle of Waterloo. By any other road than that below Plancenoit the Prussian army would have come upon a ravine impassable by artillery, and Bülow would not have arrived. Now one hour's delay — the Prussian general Muffing declares it — and Blücher would not have found Wellington erect, — "the battle was lost."

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It was high time, as we see, for Bülow to arrive, and, as it was, he had been greatly delayed. He had bivouacked at Dieu-le-Mont and started at daybreak, but the roads were impracticable, and his division stuck in the mud. The ruts came up to the axle-tree of the guns; moreover, he was compelled to cross the Dyle by the narrow bridge of Wavre: the street leading to the bridge had been burnt by the French, and artillery train and limbers, which could not pass between the two rows of blazing houses, were compelled to wait till the fire was extinguished. By midday Bülow's vanguard had scarce reached Chapelle Saint Lambert.

Had the action begun two hours sooner, it would have been over at four o'clock, and Blücher would have fallen upon the battle gained by Napoleon. At midday the emperor had been the first to notice through his telescope, on the extreme horizon, something which fixed his attention, and he said, "I see over there a cloud which appears to me to be troops." Then he asked the Duke of Dalmatia, "Soult, what do you see in the direction of Chapelle Saint Lambert?" The marshal, after looking through his telescope, replied, "Four or five thousand men, sire." It was evidently Grouchy; still they remained motionless in the

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mist. All the staff examined the cloud pointed out by the emperor, and some said, "They are columns halting," but the majority were of opinion that they were trees. The truth is that the cloud did not move, and the emperor detached Doncoul's division of light cavalry to reconnoitre in the direction of this dark spot.

Bülow, in fact, had not stirred, for his vanguard was very weak and could effect nothing. He was obliged to wait for the main body of the army, and had orders to concentrate his troops before forming line; but at five o'clock, Blücher, seeing Wellington's danger, ordered Bülow to attack, and employed the remarkable phrase, "We must let the English army breathe." A short time after, and the Prussian cannon-balls began pouring even upon the ranks of the guard held in reserve behind Napoleon.

The rest is known, — the irruption of a third army; the battle dislocated; eighty-six cannon thundering simultaneously; the whole English line resuming the offensive, and pushed forward; the gigantic gap made in the French army by the combined English and Prussian batteries; the extermination, the disaster in front, the disaster on the flank, and the guard forming line amid this fearful convulsion. As they felt they were going to death,

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they shouted, "Long live the emperor!" History has nothing more striking than this death-rattle breaking out into acclamations. The sky had been covered the whole day, but at this very moment, eight o'clock in the evening, the clouds parted in the horizon, and the sinister red glow of the setting sun was visible through the elms on the Nivelles road. It had been seen to rise at Austerlitz.

Waterloo is the strangest encounter recorded in history. On one side precision, foresight, geometry, prudence, a retreat assured, reserves prepared, an obstinate coolness, an imperturbable method, strategy profiting by the ground, tactics balancing battalions, carnage measured by a plumb-line, war regulated watch in hand, nothing left voluntarily to accident, old classic courage and absolute correctness. On the other side we have intuition, divination, military strangeness, superhuman instinct, a flashing glance; something that gazes like the eagle and strikes like lightning, all the mysteries of a profound mind, association with destiny: the river, the plain, the forest, and the hill summoned, and to some extent compelled, to obey, the despot going so far as even to tyrannize over the battle-field; faith in a star blended with strategic science, heightening, but troubling it, this true genius was conquered by calculation. On

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both sides somebody was expected; and it was the exact calculator who succeeded. Napoleon waited for Grouchy, who did not come; Wellington waited for Blücher, and he came.

EXTRACT FROM MACAULAY'S "BATTLE OF IVRY."

THE king is come to marshal us, all in his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest;
He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,
Down all our line a deafening shout, "God save our Lord, the King!"
And "If my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may, —
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray, —
Press where you see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

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HUNTING THE SPERM WHALE.

WHEN we read in the geographies that three-fourths of the earth's surface is covered by the ocean we can hardly believe it to be true. Crossing the Atlantic in an ocean steamer the story appears more reasonable; but when one has spent four or five months beating about the sea on a whaler, without once catching a glimpse of the land, he is ready to admit that the ocean must cover nine-tenths of the globe. So thought the officers and crew of the stout old ship *Nautilus*, of Nantucket, as she lay under a glowing summer sky, lazily rolling on the long swell of the deep blue waters of the southern edge of the Gulf Stream, in the middle of the North Atlantic.

The captain sat on the edge of the house on the quarter-deck grimly smoking a short clay pipe, whose deep brown color gave evidence of constant use. The mate had just laid down his quadrant after taking the noon observation for the latitude, and the crew were standing in little groups about

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the deck, or lying lazily stretched out in the shadow cast by the forward sails, or by the "bow-boat" as it hung on the cranes.

Suddenly from the towering height of the main-mast-head came the deep-toned and thrilling cry of "There she blows!"

"Where away?" bellowed the captain, as he dropped the precious old pipe from his mouth in his excitement, and, seizing his marine glass, started up the mizzen-rigging as though he were a fiery youth of twenty, instead of a storm-beaten old sea-ranger of fifty-five.

"There they are, right off the weather bow," was the answer from the mast-head, and the crew, aroused into intense activity, clambered up the fore-rigging to get a sight at the whales as soon as possible, or stood eagerly waiting for orders.

"There blows! There blows!" again came the cry from the foremast-head as the sailor stationed there caught sight of the little jets of spray, that looked like puffs of escaping steam from the end of a submerged boiler. The sperm whale does not send a great column of water into the air when he blows, as some persons think, but only a little jet forward, and but five or six feet above the surface.

The captain now saw them from his lower perch on the mizzen cross-trees, and shouted, "I see 'em —

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sperm whales sure enough, a whole school of 'em — all sizes, from a hundred barrels, to the length of this spyglass."

"Stand by to clear away the boats!"

"Ay! ay! sir," came from a score of voices, and each man flew to his station with a certainty acquired by long practice. Some loosed the lashings of the boats and line-tubs, the officers examined their lances and bomb-guns, the boat-steerers placed the harpoons in position, the men carefully overhauled the oars, row-locks, and paddles, and even the little after-oarsmen had their duty to see that the bread-bag was filled with fresh hard-tack, and the water-keg well supplied with drinking-water.

The men then divested themselves of all unnecessary clothing, and stood ready for the struggle, clad in flannel or dark cotton shirts, woollen trousers belted tightly with the sheath-knife strap that all carried, and straw hats. The sheath-knife is an indispensable article, for on a stroke from its keen edge may depend a man's life if he be caught by the deadly line in its flight out of the boat. With their arms and legs bare to the elbows and knees, to secure perfect freedom of muscular effort, the men stood, all browned by the tropical sun, ready for the order which soon came.

"Get your lines into the boats." Three or four

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men seized each of the tubs, which contained a third of a mile of the best Manilla rope about an inch in diameter, carefully coiled, and swung them into their places between the "tub" and "after" thwarts in each boat. After this the boat-steerer fastened the harpoons, or "irons," as whalemen always call them, to the lines, coiled a little of the line in the triangular box in the bow of the boat, ready for throwing, and everything was prepared for lowering the boats.

The whales were moving slowly across the path of the ship, and seemed to be taking their ease, and not at all disturbed. The vessel had now approached as near as was prudent. The "school" was only about half a mile off, and as the wind was light, the water was very still, and any unlucky sound, such as the fall of a rope or block upon the deck, would cause every whale to disappear in the twinkling of an eye. The sound of the human voice does not appear to reach them, but anything which causes a sharp vibration of the water they quickly perceive.

The huge mammals were now evidently unconscious of the presence of an enemy, for they ploughed along steadily, without a sign of fear. Occasionally a mother-whale could be seen carefully following and guarding the motions of her single offspring;

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and again some one of the "school" would, by a supreme exertion of muscular force, thrust his whole gigantic body into the air at an angle of about forty-five degrees, dropping into the sea with a tremendous splash, throwing the white water forty or fifty feet into the air.

This lesson in natural history was soon brought to an end by the order from the captain, —

"Lower away!"

Every man springs to his place with energy, and the "tackle falls" of the boats scorch the hands of the sailor who tends them, as the boats are lowered into the sea. The crews follow them over the ship's side, and almost on the instant that the boats touch the water they are in their places with oar in hand, ready for the struggle for the lead which is sure to come.

Every officer, boat-steerer, and man feels that his reputation as a whaleman depends on the success of this particular chase. "Give way, boys; now pull hard!" shouts the mate, as his boat slides down the slope of a great ocean swell which is surmounted by the towering hull of the ship. "Lay to your oars, every man! We'll be rich if we get that big whale!"

The second mate, a gigantic South American, grasped his steering-oar with one swarthy hand,

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and labored on the after oar of his boat with the other, while he encouraged, in a mingled jargon of Spanish and English, his motley crew of Chilians, and stalwart "Kanakas," as the sailors call the natives of the islands of the Pacific. These men, almost born on the water, and wild with the excitement of their tropical natures, made the light whale-boat fly over the waves with a little ripple of foam curling away from the graceful curves of its bow.

But the first mate's crew were nearly all sons of Nantucket, whalemen by birth and training, descendants of Coffin, Folger, Starbuck, and Swain, who settled the island in 1659, and even of old Christopher Hussey himself, who struck the first sperm whale in the Atlantic in 1712. The mate had selected them with a knowledge of their skill; and they were not the men to be beaten with ease by any whale-boat that the ocean floated. They bent to their oars with true Anglo-Saxon pluck and Yankee energy. Without a sound, but with teeth set, and eager eyes fixed upon the blade of his oar, that no false stroke may be made, each man pulls as though his life depends on every stroke.

Nantucket blood is aroused, and endurance begins to tell. In spite of the frantic gesticulations of the second mate, who does not dare to shout, as the whales are now too near, the "larboard" boat

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gradually draws away from the "waist" boat, and they are soon separated by one or two cable-lengths, while a large whale has risen but a short distance ahead of the mate.

The first mate orders the boat-steerer to stand up, and young Macy willingly "peaks" his oar and prepares to dart the harpoon.

But now occurs one of those freaks of fortune which sometimes baffle the best directed efforts. Another whale appears from the marine depths not more than a ship's length from the bow of the waist boat. Castro, the second mate, sees his chance, and like lightning his boat-steerer, a lithe and wiry Nantucketer, springs to his feet and hurls his keen-edged iron. It is buried to the socket in the flesh of the huge creature, which, with a mad plunge forward, and a terrific blow of his mighty flukes, disappears from sight. "Stern, all!" roars Castro, and the crew bend their tough ashen oars as they stop the headway of the swift-moving boat. The smoking line flies out of the tub, and the swirl of white water closes over the spot where the whale was but just seen.

The other portion of the "school," which had heard the mighty splash caused by their comrade, had vanished, and the mate with some disgust turned the bow of his boat to go to the assistance of

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his fellow-seamen in the waist boat. The men had scarcely pulled a dozen strokes before Hussey's quick eye saw some bubbles rising near the boat, and he instantly gave the order "Stern, all!" but it was too late. There was an upheaval like a tidal wave, and a huge slate-colored mass, wet and gleaming, rose on the larboard side, knocking the oars from the hands of the men, and towering twenty feet above their heads, while on the starboard bow was the slender white lower jaw with its double row of ivory tusks. Only for an instant was it seen, when the jaw closed with a resounding crash, and the bow of the stout boat was crushed as easily as a boy would bite through a peanut-shell.

The men plunged at once into the sea, and seizing any floating object, swam vigorously to put as much distance as possible between themselves and the whale, which was now for a moment quiet, probably for want of breath. The first mate, who stood alone in the boat at the steering-oar, now coolly walked forward, braced his foot against the head of the whale, and backed his shattered boat out of its dangerous nearness to the foe. The whale does not notice a man swimming, but confines his attention to the boat, which he considers his only enemy. Although the bow was gone, the boat was too buoyant to sink, and the crew one by one swam up and

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clambered into the stern, thus raising the bow as much as possible out of the sea. By this time the "bow-boat" of the third mate, which had been distanced in the race, came upon the scene.

The whale was very active and inclined to be vicious. Tucker had taken the steering-oar of the waist boat, and Castro stood with his deadly lance, ready to give a fatal thrust as soon as the whale should expose a vital spot. The third mate was drawing near with his bomb-gun in hand, a thing which Castro could never be induced to use. And the crew of the waist boat were pulling up, hand over hand, on the line, to get their boat into close quarters for lancing.

Suddenly the leviathan turned and made a mad rush toward the waist boat, crossing the bow of the third mate, who launched his bomb into the body of the creature as he passed. A dull explosion was heard, but the effect could not be ascertained. The whale had turned so short around, that Castro was obliged, in order to escape being entangled in the line and capsized, to cut the line with the sharp knife which is always placed at either end of a whale-boat as a last resort in just such emergencies.

The whale vanished, carrying with him the irons and the larger part of the line, leaving the gallant crew of the *Nautilus* with a wrecked boat and no oil

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as a reward for their efforts. Slowly, and with much grumbling, the men rowed back to the ship, which lay with mainyard aback, awaiting their return.

Arriving on the deck it was found that the whales, although lost to sight from the boats, could still be seen from the mast-head several miles away to windward.

It was now about five in the afternoon, and a brisk breeze was springing up. The men were served a substantial meal of "salt junk" and "hard-tack," washed down with tin pots of coffee, or a mixture that was called by that name, which was, of course, without milk, and was sweetened with molasses. Greatly refreshed by this they were ordered to hoist the disabled boat on board, and get ready to lower again as soon as the ship could beat up near enough to the whales. This was accomplished about six o'clock, and as it was a long summer day with a chance of two or three hours more of daylight, the order was again given to "lower away."

The ship was a little to windward of the "school" now, and the boats were prepared to use sails and paddles, as well as oars.

The captain himself now lowered with his starboard boat and crew; the mate put his crew into the bow-boat; the second mate lowered with his own boat newly furnished with line and irons; while the

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third mate remained in charge of the ship with his crew and two or three men called "ship-keepers."

Captain Swain was a grizzled old veteran who had hunted whales for forty years under the scorching sun of the tropics, and in the icy blasts of the Arctic seas. Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans knew him equally well, and he had selected his boat's crew with the eye of an expert. Easton, the boat-steerer, had sailed on different whaleships for ten years, and he had an eye like a hawk, and the muscles of his brawny arms played like cords of steel as he plied his oar. On occasions when the starboard boat lowered without the captain, Easton acted as fourth mate, and the man next him in point of experience and skill, young Tim Chase, who pulled the bow oar took his place as harpooner and boat-steerer. All the crew except a huge Kanaka called John Brown, who toiled at the great midship oar, were from Nantucket, like those of the larboard boat.

The contest between these two boats would naturally be close, but the mate's crew, who were somewhat tired by their earlier efforts, were obliged after a gallant trial to give place to the fresher crew of the starboard boat. This boat took the lead, but was followed at no great distance by the other two. As the breeze freshens, all the oars are peaked, and the boat-sails unfurled, the great steering-oar gives

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place to a rudder, and the men turning half round on the thwarts use their paddles like Indians, taking care not to let them strike the gunwale of the boat, and thus frighten their giant game. The "old man," as the captain is always called by the crew of a whaler, even if he is not thirty, held the tiller and kept his blue eyes fixed on the whales which were now plainly in sight.

Little Charlie Gray, the after-oarsman, held the sheet with one hand, and looked under the foot of the sail at the little fleecy puffs that now and then rose above the deep blue of the waves and the orange patches of gulf-weed that floated on the surface. This was all that showed the presence of the mighty creatures that man with his puny physical force was about to try to capture. Charlie waited eagerly for the captain's orders, and soon heard him whisper "stand up" to the boat-steerer, who instantly laid down his paddle and took his harpoon.

This is the most interesting way to approach a whale, for when using the oars, all the sailors are back to the game and can have no idea what the creature is doing; while in using the paddle, one can see distinctly all that goes on. If it requires nerve to face a danger deliberately, it is a still greater test of coolness and courage to back yourself into a contest with the hugest of monsters without looking round.

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The form of an enormous whale can now be seen a short distance ahead, and from the space between his spout-hole and hump, which can just be seen, as the waves gently swash across them as they would over a half-sunken rock, he must be seventy-five feet long, and good for a hundred barrels of oil at least.

Easton braced his thigh in the hollow cut for the purpose near the bow of the boat, and with his arms raised aloft, held his iron ready to dart when the favorable moment arrived. Suddenly his muscles stiffen, the iron flies through the air, and almost with the same motion the second iron follows the first, both being in the air at the same time.

As they sink into the tough fibres of the whale's hump, he raises his ponderous flukes high in the air; they are directly opposite the captain and Charlie Gray, who sees them for an instant hang darkly overhead, while the captain shouts, "Hold on that sheet for your life!" Gray obeys half involuntarily, and down comes the great broad tail with a crash like a cannon's boom, scarcely a foot from his head. But the skilful captain has calculated the distance aright, and the boat is untouched. After striking madly three or four times right and left, the whale decides to run, and *how he runs!*

The hissing line flies out of the tub, around the logger-head, and through the chock in the bow as

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though it were fastened to a flying cannon ball; it smokes and blazes with the friction. The captain shouts, "Wet that line!" and the tub-oarsman frantically dashes one or two buckets of water into the tub, taking care to dip the same way that the boat is moving, or it would be snatched instantly from the strongest grasp.

If ever a man wishes to be small, it is while that line is flying past him. He would feel very comfortable if he could coil himself up in a knot-hole for a short time. One knows if a loop or snarl should appear and catch him, it would almost tear him asunder and take him under water before he could wink.

A few cases have happened where men have had endurance and strength enough to cut themselves clear, but it is generally impossible.

But the whale has taken out line enough, and the tub is alarmingly empty; so the captain with a dexterous throw takes another turn around the lignum-vitæ logger-head and stops its progress. Holding the line fast with a canvas "nipper," he brings the strain upon the boat, which now darts forward like an arrow. The curved bow plows a double furrow through the waves, and the water is thrown in a sheet high above the heads of the men as they sit in their places; obscuring the sight before and on either

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side, only leaving a space over the stern where one can look forth and see the ship gradually sinking below the horizon as we go hissing and dashing on. The captain casts his eye on the fast-receding ship, takes her bearings with the boat-compass, and calls the harpooner to his place at the steering-oar, making him then in fact, as well as in name, the boat-steerer. The top-gallant sails of the old *Nautilus* are now all that we can see, and now the mast-heads are gone below the horizon; but still on we fly. We have been going half an hour by the captain's watch, and are fifteen miles from the ship, fifteen hundred miles from land, and fast to a maddened whale, in the midst of the broad and fathomless Atlantic; but who cares? The crew have become accustomed to the terrific speed, and hardly ask for it to stop. If you can imagine a canal between the rails of a railroad, and place yourself in a canoe fastened to an express train going thirty or forty miles an hour, you may get some idea of the speed; but you will fail to realize the breadth and freedom of the open ocean, with the clear sky above, the boundless sea beneath you, and the anticipation of the coming struggle at the end; these can be felt, but cannot be fully described.

But now the line which has been stretched like a bar of steel begins to slacken; the men face toward

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the bow, and begin pulling it in, hand over hand, to bring the boat to close quarters. The after-oarsman puts the line over the stern of the boat into the water, from which it is drawn in by the boat-steerer, and placed in overlapping coils in the standing-room at the stern. The whale has made a long and steady run, and he may be counted upon to remain for quite a long time upon the surface to breathe and supply the exhausted oxygen of his blood. This gives man his advantage, and he uses it without mercy.

The long, labored respirations of the vast creature can now be heard, and he can be seen rolling slowly but uneasily from side to side, as if to rid himself of the torturing harpoons. Now and then he raises his mighty tail or "flukes," fifteen feet in breadth, and lets their ponderous weight fall with resounding force upon the sea. The boat draws nearer and nearer, while the captain stands in the bow watching every movement of the whale, holding in his hand the long, slender lance, with pole about six feet long, and a five-foot shank of the best Norway iron, tipped with an oval blade of steel, ground keen as a razor, and cutting backward as well as forward. This shape enables it to be easily withdrawn from the wound for another thrust. A light but strong Manilla line, several fathoms in length, is fastened to

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the lance and also to the boat to prevent the lance from being lost. The blades of the lances, as well as the harpoons, are enclosed when not in use, in wooden cases made by the sailors.

With this, the orthodox weapon of the whaleman from the earliest times, the captain was well prepared to carry on the contest. Motioning to the crew with his hand, they quietly ceased pulling in the line, and took their oars. The boat-steerer seizes the great steering-oar, and swings the bow of the boat to starboard or port as the captain indicates his wish. The whale at last rolls over uneasily, until his right fin is out of water; the boat is not more than twenty feet away, and Captain Swain, with a rapid thrust, plants the lance in a vital spot just behind the fin. The whale, stung anew, lashes out furiously. "Stern, all!" roars the captain, and the boat, sharp at either end, is backed out of the angry foam now reddened with blood. The whale circles about and soon starts on another tremendous burst of speed.

"I declare," said Easton, as he glanced at the compass, "I believe the old fellow is carrying us home." And sure enough, in about fifteen minutes we caught sight of the upper sails of the *Nautilus* through the sheet of flying spray as it was occasionally parted by the wind. "There are the boats," cried Captain Swain, as he stood up in the bow, and

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soon we saw their two white sails like white specks on the deep blue background of the waters of the Gulf Stream.

This run of the whale was shorter than the first; and when he again paused to renew his exhausted powers, we were within two or three miles of the ship. He now had three enemies to contend with instead of one, for the other two boats had arrived on the scene.

The captain, knowing that his crew were somewhat tired with their exertions, allowed them to pull in slowly on the line, while Castro's boat dashed up to be "in at the death." His boat-steerer threw in his irons, to be "fast," in case of another run, but the whale only responded by rolling over and snapping together his mighty jaws. The second mate then took his lance, and without letting go the pole, thrust the sharp blade into the yielding flesh until obliged to give the order "Stern all" to avoid being swamped by the violent motions of the whale.

The mate's boat now came up with Hussey in the bow, holding in his hands the short but heavy bomb-gun, weighing forty pounds, with which modern improvement now furnishes whalemen, as a more destructive but not always so sure weapon as the hand-lance. The bomb-lance is shaped like the head of a rocket; it is made of iron, with a bursting

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charge in its head, and a short fuse connected with a percussion fulminate in the shaft. There are rubber flanges attached, to fill the bore of the gun and to direct the lance in its flight.

The mate raised his gun as he drew within about a hundred feet of the whale, and fired. Instantly the dull sound of the explosion was heard, and the whale, which was churning the water into bloody foam, ceased his struggle, while for an instant his whole mighty frame shook with a tremor that showed he had received a deadly wound. The boats quickly got out of his reach, for the officers well knew that this quiet was only for a short time, and they judged from the deep crimson blood that the whale now spouted forth with every breath, that the grand death struggle, or "flurry," would soon begin.

The great red July sun was just sinking to its bed in the blue waters, when the "flurry" began. The whale in his motions, described a great circle of perhaps a thousand feet radius, and the boats found safety in remaining at or near the centre. The huge creature would rush madly around, pushing his great square head at times thirty feet out of water. And again he would roll over and over, striking blows with his flukes that would have shivered the stoutest boats into splinters or would crush a man into a jelly.

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In his great struggle the whale disgorged a huge creature, upon which he had evidently just been feeding. This was a giant squid, or cuttle-fish, which probably forms the principal food of the sperm whale. It floated along close by the captain's boat, and Charlie Gray, the after-oarsman, punched it with his oar as it passed. It was about three-fourths the length of the whale-boat, or eighteen feet in length, having eight ugly tentacles, or feelers, as large round as a man's thigh, projecting from its head. It had a great staring pair of eyes as large as saucers, and within the tentacles was a hooked beak like that of a parrot. The body of the creature was as large as a three-barrel cask.

This was declared by the old seamen to be the largest whole specimen that they had ever seen, but they had seen portions of what must have been much larger ones, as for instance, pieces of tentacles much larger in diameter than the body of a man, which shows that the squid must reach a size approaching the whale itself. This evidence disposes of the notion that a whale cannot swallow a man, which is entertained by many quite well-informed persons. The Arctic or "right" whale feeds upon different food, and has a small gullet; this has given rise to the idea that all whales are alike in that respect. Another common error is, that the sperm whale has

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teeth in both jaws, whereas he has teeth only in the lower jaw, and sockets in the upper jaw, into which they fit. The right whale has no teeth whatever, but is provided with a fringe or strainer of the substance called whalebone in the roof of its mouth.

We left our great whale unwinding the coil of his existence in the great circles of his "flurry." His motions became more and more feeble, and the sea more deeply tinged with his blood, till just as the setting sun tipped the waves with gold, he gave one last convulsive stroke, and turned over on his side, with one-half of his great flukes erected in the air as the signal of his dissolution.

The captain's boat, as the usual reward for being the first to get "fast" to the whale, was allowed to remain by the game, while the other boats pulled away to the ship to work her up to the place where the whale lay to the windward. The boat lantern was lighted and placed on a short pole at the bow as a guide for the ship; the crew rested from their labors, and amused themselves by nibbling hard-tack or smoking their pipes until the ship came alongside the whale. It was nine o'clock in the evening before the "fluke chain" was passed about the flukes of the whale and his great bulk lay by the ship with the oily sea slowly washing over it.

Preparations were at once begun for "cutting in";

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the great blubber-hooks of iron weighing a hundred pounds or more were brought up from below, as were also the blocks, or tackles, each two or three feet in diameter, and having ropes, or "falls," that would serve for small hawsers. The excitement, and romance, if there be any in capturing the whale, is all over when he is brought alongside the ship; then follows a season of hard and unpleasant work; but as the arrangements are so unusual, it is interesting to observe the manner in which such a great creature is handled by the ship's crew.

The crew is divided into two equal parts called "boiling watches," each of which works all day, and half of the night, until all of the oil is boiled out, cooled in small casks on deck, and safely stowed below. It is necessary to work long and hard, for if there should be rough weather after the whale is cut in, all boiling must stop, as the ship would roll the oil out of the "try-pots" and set the deck on fire. The blubber will also spoil in the hot weather of the tropics, if it is not converted into oil as soon as possible.

The great whale was now ranged alongside the *Nautilus*, with his enormous head toward the stern of the ship, while his flukes were rising and falling by the action of the waves under her bow. A stout chain from the starboard hawse-pipe passed

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in a loop about the small portion of the body nearest the flukes. This furnishes a kind of pivot on which the body could roll as the blubber is peeled off in a great spiral, beginning at the head, like unrolling a strip of paper from a lead pencil.

Only one boat is kept on the "starboard" side of a whale-ship, in order that room may be furnished for "cutting in." The other three boats are on the "port" side, which whalemen still call by the old name of "larboard." They are called in order, beginning at the stern, the "larboard," "waist," and "bow" boats. This will explain the terms that have been already used.

Near the quarter-deck, on the starboard side, is a "gangway" cut through the bulwarks. Here the process of cutting in is begun. Provided with "whale-spades" of steel, ground to a keen edge, and having handles about fifteen feet long, the first and third mates stood on a small platform suspended over the side of the ship near the gangway, and with great skill separated the greater part of the head from the body.

If it were not for the immense tank of oil which the sperm whale carries, as one might say, on his forehead, he would have a sharp, slender snout like a porpoise; but this huge mass is placed on the top of the upper jaw, and forward of the bones of the

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skull, and gives the sperm whale that curious square appearance as though he had been sawed off. In this he resembles some of the bluff-bowed old lumber vessels of Maine, which sailors say are "built by the mile, and sawed off to suit customers." The tank of oil, or "case," as it is called, was in this specimen about twenty-five feet long, and with its wedge-shaped cushion of fat called the "junk," lying between the case and the upper part of the mouth, produced about one-third of the entire yield of oil.

Before cutting off the head, the great strip of blubber is started up from the body; a flap about four feet wide is cut, and a large hole is made in it to receive one of the great "runner hooks." It is the pleasant duty of the boat-steerer who strikes the whale, to get overboard and attach the first hook. This is rendered interesting by the presence of the numerous sharks which always gather to feast upon the dead whale. Easton was lowered over the side with a knotted "monkey-rope" about his waist; this was manned by six or eight stout sailors who were ready to pull him out of danger if the sea was too high, and the sharks too many and saucy.

Easton tugged away at the great hook, and every now and then a shark would slide up on the whale's body by his side, when the boat-steerer would give

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him a kick, or a blow on the nose with his fist, and the shark would withdraw a few feet and make another dash at the flap of blubber. At last there were so many of them that Easton shouted, "Haul in," and he was quickly landed on deck.

The first mate now took his long cutting-spade and dexterously sliced off the noses of a number of the more ravenous fellows, which had a very depressing influence upon them, as they would turn over and over like a cart-wheel as they sank into the depths, leaving a stream of dark blood behind them. This scene afforded an example of the tenacity of life in the shark when wounded anywhere except in the vulnerable point on the nose. As the mate made a slash with the razor-like blade of his spade on the nose of one unlucky shark, a second shark glided forward on the whale's body, and a gash was laid open for a foot or more in his stomach by the projecting corner of the spade. Apparently not at all disturbed by the wound, the shark bit off a piece of blubber as large as a man's head, which appeared at once out of the opening in the side. The blubber was at once seized by one of the companions of the shark, as it floated on a wave, and number one returned with an undiminished appetite to the feast. This was repeated several times.

The head was now fastened astern by two strong

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hawsers, and Easton having at last got the great hook into place in spite of the sharks and the heavy sea, the crew began heaving away at the windlass and one "blanket-piece" after another was lowered into the blubber-room between decks. The blanket-pieces are about twenty feet long and four feet wide. They are then cut with short-handled deck-spades into "horse pieces" about eighteen inches long, six inches wide, and as thick as the blubber may happen to be. These are then carried to the "mincing-horse" or machine, and sliced into pieces about half an inch thick with the black skin at the top. The slices are not cut entirely through, but are connected at the fleshy side of the blubber by leaving a space uncut. When ready for boiling, the pieces resemble very thick books with about forty black-edged leaves; and when the scraps come out of the pot, they are like these same books with the covers bent back until they touch, as they are all curled and crisped by the heated oil.

When the spiral fold of blubber had been cut away to the flukes, the tail was hoisted upon the deck, and the great carcass was allowed to drift away as the prey of the sharks and sea-birds.

The "case" is now brought alongside, and the "junk" separated and hoisted on deck. Both "runner-hooks" are fastened to the mass, and it is

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hoisted as far as possible out of the water, its vast weight causing the ship to careen heavily to starboard. A hole is cut in the top large enough to receive a "case-bucket" with flaring sides, and a hemispherical block of wood for a bottom. This bucket is forced down into the case with a pole, and withdrawn by a small "whip-tackle" until all the oil is emptied into tubs and casks on the deck. The case, which is a fibrous mass of tough flesh some five or six inches thick, is then cast off into the sea. The oil from the head is all boiled to free it from watery vapor, and the light film of cellular tissue which is within the case is skimmed off as a slight scrap. It is from this head-oil that the once celebrated sperm candles are made.

It may be mentioned here that the whale is made to furnish fuel for trying himself out. The first fire is kindled in the try-works with wood, but after that nothing is used but the scraps. These make an abominable black smoke, that gets into the eyes, hair, and clothing of the men, and gives them the appearance of red-eyed grimy demons, as they work at midnight in the lurid and flickering light of the oily scraps. Occasionally Captain Swain would notice the fires burning rather low, and would roar out, "Old Hallett! give 'em Old Hallet!" from the quarter-deck, or the top of the cook's galley, where

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he would sit to keep somewhat out of the smoke. Who this personage might be, and why he was invoked when more fire was needed, is one of the things that are not accounted for in the traditions of the whale fishery.

On the morning after the capture of the big whale, when it had become fairly daylight, the man at the mast-head saw a great splashing, or "white water," as he called it, about a mile from the *Nautilus*. The captain, suspecting what it might be, lowered a boat and found it to be the fifty-barrel whale which had bitten off the bow of the mate's boat the previous morning, and which had yielded its life to the deadly bomb-lance of young Folger, the third mate. The splashing was caused by the sharks struggling to make a meal of the blubber. The marked irons of the *Nautilus* were still fast to the whale.

It took about a week to get the oil all tried out and stowed down in the hold, when it was found that the big whale had produced one hundred and ten, and the smaller one fifty, barrels of oil.

The *Nautilus* returned to Nantucket in 1866, when the market was nearly bare of oil on account of the destruction of so many whalers by the *Alabama* and *Shenandoah*. Oil was then selling at two dollars and sixty-five cents a gallon, so this day's work produced a value of over twelve thousand dollars to

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be divided among the owners of the *Nautilus* and her hardy officers and crew. This was good luck, and may be contrasted with that of a poor fellow who had beaten about the Pacific for over four years, and when he settled with the owners received the immense sum of seventy-five cents.

Nantucket now has no whale-ships left, and though New Bedford and a few other ports still hunt the great game to a limited extent, the fleet is constantly diminishing, and the time will probably soon arrive when this school for American seamen will be closed; and the stories of thrilling interest connected with this daring pursuit will be like those connected with buffalo hunting on the western plains, among the "traditions of the past."

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A COLORADO WEEK.

ONLY from Saturday to Saturday, and I suppose the days could not have been more than twenty-four hours long; but what a week it was! Ten hours a day out under a Colorado sky; ten hours a day of Colorado mountain air; ten hours a day of ever-changing delight; beauty deepening to grandeur, grandeur softening to beauty, and beauty and grandeur together blending in pictures which no pencil, no pen, can render,—pictures born only to be stamped upon hearts, never to be transferred to canvas or to page. I said that the days could not have been more than twenty-four hours long. I spoke hastily, and am not at all sure of anything of the kind.

There is a comic story of a traveller in Colorado, who, having been repeatedly mislead and mystified by the marvellous discrepancies between real and apparent distances in the rarefied air, was found one day taking off his shoes and stockings to wade through a little brook, not a foot wide.

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"Why, man, what are you about? Why don't you step over?" exclaimed everybody.

He shook his head and continued his preparations for wading.

"No! no! you can't fool me," he exclaimed. "I sha'n't be surprised if it turns out to be a quarter of a mile across this brook."

One comes to have much the same feeling about out-door days in Colorado. Enjoyment can be rarefied, like air, so that its measures of time grow meaningless and seem false, as do the measures of distance in the upper air. I am not in the least sure therefore, that these days of which I write were only twenty-four hours long. I do know, however, that it was on a Saturday we set out, and on the next Saturday we came home, and that the week might be called the Holy Week of our summer.

We set out at noon from Colorado Springs. Thirty-five miles westward and up-hill we drove that afternoon, through the lovely nestled nook of Manitou and up the Grand Ute Pass. The oftener one goes through this pass, the grander it seems. There are in it no mere semblances, no delusions of atmospheric effect. It is as severely, sternly real as Gibraltar. Sunlight cannot soften it nor storms make it more frowning. High, rocky, inaccessible, its walls tower and wind and seem at every turn to close rather

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than to open the path through which the merry little stream comes leaping, foaming down. The rocks on either side are scarred and grooved and seamed and wrought, as if the centuries had rent asunder some giant fortress, but found slender triumph in its fall, — two fortresses being set now to guard the spot where before there had been but one.

The contrast is sharp and weird between the sparkling amber and white brook, paved with shining pebbles and shaded by tangled growths of willows and clematis and tasselled festoons of wild hops, and the bare red and gray rock walls, rising hundreds and hundreds of feet, unrelieved except by straight, stern, dark, unyielding firs, — so sharp, so weird a contrast that one unconsciously invests both the brook and the rock walls above with a living personality and antagonism, and longs that the brook should escape.

For a short distance the road is narrow and perilous — on strips of ledges between two precipices, or on stony rims of the crowded brook, which it crosses and recrosses twenty-four times in less than three miles. Then the Pass widens, the rocky walls sink gradually, round and expand into lovely hills — hill after hill, bearing more and more off to the right and more and more off to the left — until there is

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room for bits of meadow along the brook, and for groves and grassy intervals where the hills join; room and at the same time shelter, for the hills are still high. And that their slopes are sunny and warm in the early spring we find record written in clumps of the waving seed-vessels of the beautiful blue wind-flower of Colorado.

It was night-fall when we reached the ranch at which we were to sleep. We had climbed several divides, rising, falling, rising, falling, all in the depths of pine forests, all steadily mounting westward, toward the great grand central range; and we came out at sunset on a ridge from which we could look down into a meadow. The ridge sloped down to the meadow through a gateway made by two huge masses of rocks. All alone in the smooth grassy forest, they loomed up in the dim light, stately and straight as colossal monoliths, though they were in reality composed of rounded bowlders piled one above another. Because they are two and alone and set over against each other, men have called them The Twins. All over the world, even among the most uncultured people, we find this unconscious investiture of Nature with personality, so instinctive a tendency have sensitive hearts toward a noble and tender pantheism.

The ranch was a cluster of log cabins. When the

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Colorado ranchman prospers, his log cabins multiply and grow out from and on to one another, very much as barnacles spread and congregate on a rock. At foot of a hill and spreading up on its side, such a log-cabin clump is a wonderfully picturesque sight. The irregular white plaster lines in all the crevices between the brown logs; the yellow hewn ends interlocked at the corners; the low doors, square windows, and perhaps flat roof, with grass waving on it, — altogether the picture is not unpleasing, and is beautiful compared with that of the average small frame house, — high, straight, sharp-angled, narrow-roofed, abominable.

When we first looked to the west the next morning the two peaks which had been blue the night before and circled by the fine line of gold were deep gray on a faint pink sky. Our road lay directly toward them. "All day we shall see," we said, "the mystic gold arch spanning the space between them, as we saw it in yesterday's sunset." But we did not. Sufficient unto the day is the beauty thereof in Colorado.

One does not remember nor anticipate the beauties of yesterday or to-morrow. The gold arch was forgotten before we had driven half an hour through the meadows of flowers. Great patches of brilliant fire-weed on all sides. On the road edges, rims of

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a fine feathery white flower, new to us all; dainty wild flax, its blue disks waving and nodding; clumps of scarlet "painter's-brush" gleaming out like red torches in the grass; tall spikes of white and pink and scarlet gilia; and everywhere, making almost a latticed setting for the rest, mats and spikes and bushes of yellow blossoms. Six different kinds of yellow flowers we counted; but, shame to us, we knew the names of no one of them.

On a knoll in the meadows, within stone's throw of the sluggish Platte River, yet well sheltered by wooded hills on two sides, stood a small frame house, — the house of a famous old hunter. Deer-skins and fox-skins were drying on the fences; huge elk-horns leaned against the sides of the house. As we drove slowly by, the old man came out. His hair was white and his face thickly wrinkled; but his eye was bright, clear, and twinkling with gladness and energy, like the gladness and energy of youth.

"Never go out but what I bring home something, sir, — an antelope, if nothing more," he said in reply to a question as to the hunting in the neighborhood. Summer and winter the old man ranges the hills, and his name is well known in the markets of Denver and Colorado Springs.

Leaving the Platte meadows, we began again to

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climb hills to the west. Divide after divide, like those we had climbed and crossed the day before, we climbed now. Still the Great Range stood apparently as far off as ever. From the tops of all the ridges we looked off to it, and looking backward, saw Pike's Peak making as high and majestic a wall in the east.

Shall we ever forget the moment when, having climbed the highest of the pine-covered ridges, we found ourselves on a true summit at last, on the summit of the eastern wall of the great South Park.

The South Park is sixty miles long and forty wide, a majestic, mountain-walled valley; a valley eight or nine thousand feet high. Its extreme western wall is the great central range of the Rocky Mountains, but so many lesser ranges are massed and built up against this that the effect to the eye is as if there lay only mountains to the very outermost edge of the world. To the north and to the south it is the same.

We looked down on this valley from near the centre of the eastern ridges. The view had the vastness of a view from a high mountain peak, mingled with the beauty of one from near hills. A great silence, like the great silence of the place, fell upon us. The scene seemed almost unreal. From our very feet to the distant western wall,

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forty miles away, stretched the soft, smooth, olive-gray surface of the valley, with belts and bars and flickering spaces of dark shadow of yellow sunlight playing over it.

Here and there rose hills, — some wooded, some bare and of the same soft olive-gray of the valley. Some were almost high enough to be called mountains; some were low, and fluted in smooth water-worn grooves. These were islands when South Park was a lake.

The silence, the sense of space in these Rocky Mountain solitudes cannot be expressed; neither can the peculiar atmospheric beauty be described. It is the result partly of the grand distances, partly of the rarefied air. The shapes are the shapes of the north, but the air is like the air of the tropics, — shimmering, kindling. No pictures of the Rocky Mountains which I have seen have caught it in the least. There is not a cold tint here. No dome of Constantinople or Venice, no pyramid of Egypt, ever glowed and swam in warmer light and of warmer hue than do these colossal mountains. Some mysterious secret of summer underlies and outshines their perpetual snows. Perhaps it is only the ineffable secret of distance. Nowhere else in the world are there mountains fourteen and fifteen thousand feet high which have all the room they need, —

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great circles and semicircles of plains at their feet and slopes a half continent long!

Toward sunset the storm-columns thickened, blended, and swept down on all sides. Mountain after mountain and near hill after near hill were veiled in mist, — first white, then gray, then dark blue-black. At last the last blue sky, the last clear spot surrendered. We were hemmed in completely in a great globe of rain. Drenched and dripping, but, for all that, glad of the rain — it had been such a masterly storm to see — we dashed on, turning northward and skirting the western hills, to the town of Fair Play. Fair Play is a mining town, one of the oldest in Colorado. It ought to be a beautiful village, lying as it does on a well-wooded slope at foot of grand mountains and on the Platte River. It is not. It is ill-arranged, ill-built, ill-kept, dreary. Why cannot a mining town be clean, well-ordered, and homelike? I have never seen one such in Colorado or in California. Surely, it would seem that men getting gold first hand from Nature might have more heart and take more time to make home pleasant and healthful, than men who earn their money by the ordinary slow methods.

At sunset the rain stopped; the clouds lifted and showed us the grand summit of Mount Lincoln, which we had come to ascend.

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"Up to the top of that mountain in a carriage!" we exclaimed. "It is impossible."

"It is not even difficult," was the reply. "The road is as good a road as you have been over to-day. The steepness is the only trouble. It takes five hours to go from here, and it is only twelve miles to the summit."

We were incredulous. Mount Lincoln was nearly fifteen thousand feet high. It rose bare, precipitously, and seemed to pierce the sky. A bank of snow lay along its upper line.

"There's a mine just below that snowbank," continued the astonishing tale. "The miners live in a cabin there all the year round, and there are loads of ore drawn down every day over this road you are going on."

The sides of the mountain looked more and more precipitous each moment that we gazed upon them. The story must be true, but it was incredible. The road must be real, but it was terrible to think of. We dreaded the morning. And it was the morning of a day which we would gladly live over again. So false are fears in this life.

We set out early, — down into the Platte meadows; up a rift between mountains, called a valley; along the edges of pine forests; past dismal little mining settlements, where great piles of sulphur

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smoked lurid and yellow, — seven miles of this, with the bare, brown, terrible mountains looming up straight and near before us, and we came to the base of Mount Lincoln. Seven miles we had come in a little more than an hour. It was to take us four hours to climb the remaining five miles.

No wonder, at our first turn into the mountain road, we looked at each other aghast. It seemed nearly perpendicular. It was full of stones, of bowlders; it looked like the washed-out bed of a fierce mountain torrent. The pine forest on either hand was grand and stately. We could see no longer the bare summit above us; but, looking back, we saw minute by minute, by the receding valley and the opening up of new views of hills, and ravines, and parks, in all directions, how fast we were mounting. On all sides of us blazed enchanting color, — solid spaces of fire-weed, brilliant pink, purple, and yellow, and white asters, and blue harebells by tens of thousands; green grassy nooks under the pine-trees were filled or bordered or dotted with the gay blossoms. The contrast between these and the devastated gully in which we were climbing seemed inexplicable. The horses' sides heaved like billows and their breathing was loud. Every two minutes they must stop to recover breath. Only the strongest brakes could hold the carriage in its place.

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"This is nothing," said Jack, the driver. "I don't mind anything about it below timber line."

We were out, fairly out on the bald, bare, blistering mountain, — on Mount Bross, which we must nearly cross to reach Mount Lincoln. The mountains, instead of being sheer solid rock, as we had supposed, looking at them from below, were simply piles, giant piles of fine-broken stone, broken into sharp, fine fragments, as if it had been crushed in a rolling-mill, — not a single smooth roadstone among them, and so little sand or gravel or soil of any kind, that it seemed a marvel how the great mass was held together; why strong winds did not blow it gradually away in showers of stones; why it was not perpetually rolling down; how it could possibly be tunnelled or driven over.

"There's the road," said Jack, pointing up to a dim zigzag line of a little lighter color than the rest of the mountain. "That's the worst place," indicating what looked like a track on which there had been a slide some day. "I sha'n't refuse anybody that likes to get out and walk there."

It was indeed fearful. Nothing but the grandeur of the off-look into space could have held our terror in check. That and the blue of the bluebells all around us in great masses, making solid color as a cloverfield has. There they stood, the dainty, frail,

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beloved bluebells, hugging the ground for safety; none of them more than three or four inches high, but clear, shining, and lovely as those which waved on the shady terraces below. Bluebells twelve thousand feet above the sea, and they were not alone. There were dozens of other low flowers, which we knew not, — blue, white, lavender, and pink, — all keeping close to the ground, like mosses, but all perfect of form and tint. These comforted us. When for very dizziness we could not look up or off, we looked down to the ground, and there secure, content, little faces reassured us.

The road wound and doubled, making occasional vertical thrusts upward. It seemed to have been made by pushing down the loose stones, bracing them and packing them a little tighter; that was all. Again and again we saw ahead of us what we supposed to be the road, and it proved to be only an accidental depression or projection in the mountain side. The horses could go only about twice or three times the carriage length at a time. Then, gasping and puffing, they stopped and rested five or six minutes. It seemed to me cruel to compel them to draw us. I jumped out and announced my intention of walking. A very few steps showed me that it was out of my power. Each step that I took seemed to resound in my head. I could not breathe. I was

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dizzy. My forehead seemed bursting from the pressure of the surging blood.

"We're riding over the Moose Mine now. There's tunnels right under us here that you could drive a four-hoss team through." Looking cautiously over the edge of the precipice to the right, we could see the roofs of the cabins many feet below us, and in a few moments we passed the road leading down to them. It was just such a road as we were on, and we could still see nothing but loose stone above, below, around. Mysterious mountain! Apparently a gigantic pile of tiny, rolling bits of stone, and yet mined and tunnelled and counter-tunnelled, and full of silver from top to bottom.

The road wound around the northern face of Mount Bross, and then came out on a narrow ridge or saddle connecting Mount Bross to Mount Lincoln. This was, perhaps, the grandest point of all. To the north we looked up Mount Lincoln, a thousand feet above us; to the east we looked off and down to the river level, over and through and between myriads of sharp peaks and unfathomable gorges, and beyond these off to a horizon of mountains. To the west also we looked down into a confusion of peaks and ridges wedged between canyons; and just below us lay a small lake, so smooth, so dark, it looked like a huge steel shield flung into the chasm.

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There were still two hundred feet of Mount Lincoln to be climbed. The little cabin had seemed to be but a step below the summit-line; but now we looked up to two sharp pyramids of stones above us. Up to the first point, over fine, sharp bits of stone, which slipped and rolled under our feet at every step, we crawled; up to the second, over great bowlders, piled and poised and tipped on each other, we scrambled and leaped, and sunk down at the foot of the flag-staff. We were literally on the apex point of the continent! Here, on the one hand, were the head-waters of the Arkansas River, going south; on the other, the head-waters of the Platte, going east; and just across a small divide, almost within a stone's throw, the head-waters of the Grande, going west to the Pacific.

Well did the old Spaniards name this central range "Sierra Madre"—"Mother Mountains." It is said that the view from this peak has a radius of over a hundred and fifty miles. It would be easy to believe it greater. Fancy such a radius as this sweeping slowly around a horizon circle of lofty peaks, and the entire space from the outer horizon to the central summit filled with great mountain ranges and their intervening parks and valleys. The great South Park, a day's journey wide, was a hand's breadth now of soft olive-gray, its wooded ridges and

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hills making dots of dark color; yet its tint and its outline were as distinct as when seen from its near wall.

With brakes clinched, wheels tied, and teeth set, we grazed, twisted, slid down the mountain; none too soon, for a storm was gathering in the west, which gave us a hard race down the valley and across the river meadows. But we came in ahead at sunset, and were warming our hands over a big fire in the Fair Play Hotel when it burst in avalanches of cold rain.

"This is snow on the mountains," said the landlord. Sure enough. Next morning all the upper peaks were solid white, — so white that it was hard to see where snow left off and clouds began. As we looked back and up from the bed of the Platte at the majestic shining pyramids and cones, we doubted our memories of the day before. As well tell us we had been caught up into the skies.

We were a very glad party that morning. We were setting our faces toward an unanticipated pleasure; more than that, toward a pleasure we had longed for but had unwillingly abandoned all hope of. We were setting out for the Twin Lakes. We owed this to Jack. Jack was a reticent fellow. A hasty observer might have thought his face a sullen one; but there were fine lines around the corners of

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his eyes which meant good, and a smile now and then which showed a sensitive nature. He had led a wild life. He had been a stage-driver in Mexico; had spent whole winters trapping on the shores of Itaska Lake; had fought Indians everywhere; and just now was lying by in inglorious quiet in a Fair Play livery stable.

We were once more in the great, grand South Park. It was glorious under the morning light. Its broad stretches shone silver-gray, and its myriad-mountained wall was blue in the south, and in the east and in the west snow-topped. We drove a few miles southward, then turned sharply to the west, and followed a grassy road into one of the many lovely valleys which we had seen two days before, making up like inlets between the foot-hills of the western wall of the Park. This wall we were to cross. Its multiplying and towering crests looked impassable; but we had learned the marvel of the secret windings of mountain passes, and a messenger had already met us, — a messenger white with haste, so fast had he come down and out.

The rocky walls narrowed and still narrowed; we were at bottom of a chasm. Then imperceptibly our road would rise, its borders widen, and we would find ourselves on a narrow divide, with deep ravines on either hand. I am at utter loss to describe how

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these Rocky Mountain ridges underlie, overlie, cross, and swallow up each other. They remind me of nothing but masses of colossal crystals, so sharp their edges, so straight their sides, so endless their intersections. They are gigantic wedges driven into the mountains and each other, and piled up again in tiers, making mountains upon mountains. The ravines between them seem to have been cloven by them, as an axe cleaves wood and remains fast in the rift it has made.

Over and on and up and down these wedged ridges, through unvarying pine and fir forests, and through ever-varying flower-beds, we slowly climbed the range. At last the pines and firs stopped. We were eleven thousand feet high. The bare ridge on which we were, tapered to a point before us and disappeared in the side of a stony peak. A small dark lake lay in the hollow just below their intersection. A sharp wind blew from the left; we were at the top. We looked over into another ravine. A dark wooded mountain shut across it like a gate; between us and it were a bit of meadow and a little stream.

After these, the ravine narrowed again and the road grew steep and rocky, — very steep and very rocky. Through a very carnival of bowlders, fallen pines, driftwood, and foaming water we descended.

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Soon, through a grand rock gateway, we saw the valley of the Arkansas, olive-gray, with meandering lines of solid green marking the river course, and with strange and exquisitely beautiful terraces in it, rising abruptly and in detached curves, — the record of changing water-lines in the ancient days. As we reached the edge of the valley, we saw a faint track leading off to the left.

"Ah!" said Jack. "Here's the short cut." And he turned into it.

"What short cut?" said I, being by nature and by experience distrustful of short cuts to anything.

"There's a short cut through here down to the river, that saves four miles. So McLaughlin said. He's been through here. It don't look much worn, though, that's a fact," said Jack, as we drove into the meadow grass.

Zigzagging around that meadow, now in, now out of sight, over boggy places and round hillocks, led that "short cut." We were in no danger of losing our way, for there lay the Arkansas meadows in full sight; but the road seemed to be making no special headway toward them. The question was about the ford. Should we hit it? Presently we came out into a travelled road and in full sight of the Arkansas River; that is, of several tortuous lines of alders and willows in a bright green meadow. Not a gleam of water to be seen.

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There was no suggestion of a track leading down to the river at this point. Slowly we drove up and down that road, peering into the grass on its river side for sign or trail of a road leading to a ford. There was none. At last, Jack, giving the horses a revengeful stroke, as if they had suggested the short cut, poor things! drove rapidly up the road, saying, "Well, I reckon we'll save time to drive up to the ford I know, four miles up the road."

"So much for short cuts, Jack. They never turn out well," said I, as we passed the point where the road we had forsaken joined the one we were on. It would have brought us to the ford an hour sooner.

After the ford, six miles down-stream again, through the luscious meadow grass, in which cows grazed ankle-deep. The mountains we had crossed stood bare and red in the east, the mountains we were still to enter stood soft and blue in the west,—two high ranges, and the Arkansas River and its meadows between; and yet we were in that very world of near peaks and ravines and ridges upon which we had looked down from Mount Lincoln the day before. We had thought it all mountains. Yet here in one of those chasms, which had looked to us like nothing more than clefts, there was room for a river, and river meadows, homesteads, and herds.

The sun was so low that he cast huge profiles of

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shadow on all the northern slopes of the western mountains, as we turned toward them. Once more to the right, once more into a grassy valley making up between the foot-hills; soft, round, covered only with low grass and a pale bluish shrub, they fairly shimmered in their ghostly gray as the twilight settled on them. One, two, three, four, five we climbed, and seemed to get no nearer the mountains.

"I'd forgotten there were so many of these hills," said Jack. "You'll see the lakes after the next one, sure." But we did not; nor after the next, nor the next. At last the sight came, — beautiful enough to have been waited for. Before us a line of high, sharp peaks, dark blue nearly to the top, their summits just touched by the red sunset-light. They seemed to curve westward and to curve eastward, till they met the terraced line of hills on which we stood. At their feet and at ours, lay the two lakes, — dark, motionless, shining, stretching close to the mountain bases on all sides, and linked to each other by a narrow neck of green land, across which a line of green bushes stretched, looking like a second band set to strengthen or to adorn the first. Afterward we saw that it was a closer link than we dreamed; for beneath the line of green bushes runs a little creek, mingling the waters of the upper and the lower lake perpetually.

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Jack turned and looked at us in silence.

"Yes, you were right, Jack," we said. "It is more beautiful than anything we saw yesterday, and it is a very lonely looking kind of place."

Not so lonely as we could have wished, however, when we drove down the steep hills to the Log Cabin Hotel, where we must sleep. People walking about, white-covered camp-wagons, high-topped buggies, all told us that we were too late on the list of arrivals.

All the next morning we sat under a pine-tree on the northern shore of the lakes and looked out upon them. Marvellous, lovely twins! Ten thousand feet above the sea, and thousands of miles away from it, they held all its charm and none of its sadness. The soft waves lapped on the shore with a sound as gentle as the sigh of pines, and the water was clear as crystal sixty feet down. They were seas, translated, glorified, come to their spiritual resurrection, and wedded to each other for all eternity.

The lower lake is about three miles in length; the upper one only half as long. They are not more than a mile and a half wide. But when you sit on the shore, and see the great mountains' full height and the dome of the sky reflected in them as in a glass, and reaching only half way across, they seem much wider.

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We drove down into the valley almost believing that some strange chance had brought us to that height at the exact moment when the sun's rays had revealed some unknown ruins in a hollow of the great hills.

The next morning — our sixth morning — we set out early on our homeward way. A few miles brought us to the magic city of the night before. The marvel was not so strange. Here were hills upon hills, — sharp, rounded, crowded, piled with rocks, which even by day bore almost the shapes they had shown to us by night, — pinnacles, buttresses, terraces, towers, with sharp-pointed firs growing among them. It was indeed a city — a silent, tenantless city — which reminded me of some of the stories I read in my childhood of Edom and Petræa. We were in the canyon still, but it was fast widening and bearing to the right.

The way of the Arkansas River lay south, and we could follow it no longer. We must turn northward and climb the range again. We had lost many hundred feet of elevation in coming down this easier way by the river's road. Five hours of good climbing did it. Over divide after divide, as we had so many times climbed before; under the pines and among the flowers, and out on the bare ridges at top; then down, miles down, into the grand, steadfast, reposeful plain of the park.

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We were a half day's journey now to the south of Fair Play, and our road skirted the western wall of the park. We looked up into all the lovely valleys, thrusting their arms into the forest slopes of the mountains. They were alike and not alike, — all green and smooth and creek-fed, but no two of the same outline, no two of the same depth, any more than any two of the inlets on a fretted seashore. A night at Fair Play again, and then we retraced our road of the first two days, eastward instead of westward, across the park; eastward over the mountains and through the passes, and at sunset of the eighth day down into our own beloved plains. The first glimpse of their immeasurable distance was grander than all we had journeyed to see.

Their mystic vanishing line, where earth and sky seem one, only because eyes are too weak to longer follow their eternal curves, always strikes upon my sight as I think there would fall upon the ear the opening perfect chord of some celestial symphony, — a celestial symphony which we must for ever strain to hear, must for ever know to be resounding just beyond our sense, luring our very souls out of this life into the next, from earth to heaven.

Only, as I said, from a Saturday to a Saturday. But what a week it had been, — the Holy Week of our summer!

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ENGLAND TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

ONE of the first objects of an inquirer who wishes to form a correct notion of the state of a community at a given time must be to ascertain of how many persons that community then consisted. Unfortunately the population of England in 1685 cannot be ascertained with perfect accuracy. For no great state had then adopted the wise course of periodically numbering the people. All men were left to conjecture for themselves; and, as they generally conjectured without examining facts, and under the influence of strong passions and prejudices, their guesses were often ludicrously absurd.

Even intelligent Londoners ordinarily talked of London as containing several millions of souls. It was confidently asserted by many that, during the thirty-five years which had elapsed between the accession of Charles the First and the Restoration, the population of the city had increased by two millions. Even while the ravages of the plague and fire were recent, it was the fashion to say that the capital still had a million and a half of inhabi-

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tants. Some persons, disgusted by these exaggerations, ran violently into the opposite extreme.

On the very highest supposition England then had less than one-third of her present population, and less than three times the population which is now collected in her gigantic capital.

The increase of the people had been great in every part of the kingdom, but generally much greater in the northern than in the southern shires. In truth, a large part of the country beyond Trent was, down to the eighteenth century, in a state of barbarism. Physical and moral causes had concurred to prevent civilization from spreading to that region. The air was inclement; the soil was generally such as required skilful and industrious cultivation; and there could be little skill or industry in a tract which was often the theatre of war, and which, even when there was nominal peace, was constantly desolated by bands of Scottish marauders. Before the union of the two British crowns, and long after that union, there was as great a difference between Middlesex and Northumberland as there now is between Massachusetts and the settlements of those squatters who, far to the west of the Mississippi, administer a rude justice with the rifle and the dagger.

Of the taxation we can speak with more confi-

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dence and precision than of the population. The revenue of England, under Charles the Second, was small, when compared with the resources which she even then possessed, or with the sums which were raised by the governments of the neighboring countries.

The most important head of receipt was the excise, which, in the last year of the reign of Charles, produced five hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds, clear of all deductions. The net proceeds of the customs amounted in the same year to five hundred and thirty thousand pounds. These burdens did not lie very heavy on the nation. The tax on chimneys, though less productive, raised far louder murmurs.

The discontent excited by direct imposts is, indeed, almost always out of proportion to the quantity of money which they bring into the exchequer; and the tax on chimneys was, even among direct imposts, peculiarly odious; for it could be levied only by means of domiciliary visits; and of such visits the English have always been impatient to a degree which the people of other countries can but faintly conceive. The poorer house-holders were frequently unable to pay their hearth money to the day. When this happened, their furniture was distrained without mercy; for the tax was farmed; and a farmer of taxes is, of all creditors, proverbially the most rapacious.

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The collectors were loudly accused of performing their unpopular duty with harshness and insolence. It was said that, as soon as they appeared at the threshold of a cottage, the children began to wail, and the old women ran to hide their earthenware. Nay, the single bed of a poor family had sometimes been carried away and sold. The net annual receipt from this tax was two hundred thousand pounds.

The regular army which was kept up in England at the beginning of the year 1685 consisted, all ranks included, of about seven thousand foot, and about seventeen hundred cavalry and dragoons. The whole charge amounted to about two hundred and ninety thousand pounds a year, less than a tenth part of what the military establishment of France then cost in time of peace. The daily pay of a private in the Life Guards was four shillings; in the Blues, two shillings and sixpence; in the Dragoons, eighteenpence; in the Foot Guards, tenpence; and in the line, eightpence.

The discipline was lax, and indeed could not be otherwise. The common law of England knew nothing of courts-martial, and made no distinction, in time of peace, between a soldier and any other subject; nor could the government then venture to ask even the most loyal parliament for a mutiny bill. A soldier, therefore, by knocking down his colonel,

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incurred only the ordinary penalties of assault and battery, and, by refusing to obey orders, by sleeping on guard, or by deserting his colors, incurred no legal penalty at all.

The rotation of crops was very imperfectly understood. It was known, indeed, that some vegetables lately introduced into our island, particularly the turnip, afforded excellent nutriment in winter to sheep and oxen; but it was not yet the practice to feed cattle in this manner. It was therefore by no means easy to keep them alive during the season when the grass is scanty. They were killed in great numbers, and salted at the beginning of the cold weather; and, during several months, even the gentry tasted scarcely any fresh animal food, except game and river fish, which were consequently much more important articles in housekeeping than at present.

The sheep and the ox of that time were diminutive when compared with the sheep and oxen which are now driven to our markets. Our native horses, though serviceable, were held in small esteem, and fetched low prices. They were valued, one with another, by the ablest of those who computed the national wealth, at not more than fifty shillings each. Foreign breeds were greatly preferred.

Spanish jennets were regarded as the finest chargers,

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and were imported for purposes of pageantry and war. The coaches of the aristocracy were drawn by gray Flemish mares, which trotted, as it was thought, with a peculiar grace, and endured better than any cattle reared in our island the work of dragging a ponderous equipage over the rugged pavement of London. Neither the modern dray horse nor the modern race horse was then known.

In 1685 the tin of Cornwall, which had, more than two thousand years before, attracted the Tyrian sails beyond the Pillars of Hercules, was still one of the most valuable subterranean productions of the island. The quantity annually extracted from the earth was found to be, some years later, sixteen hundred tons, probably about a third of what it now is. But the veins of copper which lie in the same region were, in the time of Charles the Second, altogether neglected, nor did any land-owner take them into the account in estimating the value of his property.

Cornwall and Wales at present yield annually near fifteen thousand tons of copper, worth near a million and a half sterling, that is to say, worth about twice as much as the annual produce of all English mines of all descriptions in the seventeenth century. The first bed of rock salt had been discovered not long after the Restoration in Cheshire, but does not appear to have been worked in that age. The salt,

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which was obtained by a rude process from brine pits, was held in no high estimation. The pans in which the manufacture was carried on exhaled a sulphurous stench; and, when the evaporation was complete, the substance which was left was scarcely fit to be used with food. Physicians attributed the scorbutic and pulmonary complaints which were common among the English to this unwholesome condiment. It was therefore seldom used by the upper and middle classes; and there was a regular and considerable importation from France. At present our springs and mines not only supply our own immense demand, but send annually seven hundred millions of pounds of excellent salt to foreign countries.

Far more important has been the improvement of our iron works. Such works had long existed in our island, but had not prospered, and had been regarded with no favorable eye by the government and by the public. It was not then the practice to employ coal for smelting the ore; and the rapid consumption of wood excited the alarm of politicians. As early as the reign of Elizabeth there had been loud complaints that whole forests were cut down for the purpose of feeding the furnaces; and the parliament had interfered to prohibit the manufacturers from burning timber. The manufacture consequently languished.

At the close of the reign of Charles the Second,

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great part of the iron which was used in the country was imported from abroad; and the whole quantity cast here annually seems not to have exceeded ten thousand tons. At present the trade is thought to be in a depressed state if less than eight hundred thousand tons are produced in a year.

It was very seldom that the country gentleman caught glimpses of the great world; and what he saw of it tended rather to confuse than to enlighten his understanding. His opinions respecting religion, government, foreign countries, and former times, having been derived, not from study, from observation, or from conversation with enlightened companions, but from such traditions as were current in his own small circle, were the opinions of a child. He adhered to them, however, with the obstinacy which is generally found in ignorant men accustomed to be fed with flattery.

His animosities were numerous and bitter. Towards London and Londoners he felt an aversion which more than once produced important political effects. His wife and daughter were in tastes and acquirements below a housekeeper or a stillroom maid of the present day. They stitched and spun, brewed gooseberry wine, cured marigolds, and made the crust for the vension pasty.

The Anglican priesthood was divided into two

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sections which, in acquirements, in manners, and in social position, differed widely from each other. One section, trained for cities and courts, comprised men familiar with all ancient and modern learning; men able to encounter Hobbs or Bossuet at all the weapons of controversy; men who could, in their sermons, set forth the majesty and beauty of Christianity with such justness of thought, and such energy of language, that the indolent Charles roused himself to listen, and the fastidious Buckingham forgot to sneer; men whose address, politeness, and knowledge of the world, qualified them to manage the consciences of the wealthy and noble; men with whom Halifax loved to discuss the interests of empires, and from whom Dryden was not ashamed to own that he had learned to write.

The other section was destined to ruder and humbler service. It was dispersed over the country, and consisted chiefly of persons not at all wealthier, and not much more refined, than small farmers or upper servants. Yet it was in these rustic priests, who derived but a scanty subsistence from their tithe sheaves and tithe pigs, and who had not the smallest chance of ever attaining high professional honors, that the professional spirit was strongest.

In London the houses were not numbered. There would indeed have been little advantage in number-

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ing them; for of the coachmen, chairmen, porters, and errand boys, a very small portion could read. It was necessary to use marks which the most ignorant could understand. The shops were therefore distinguished by painted signs, which gave a gay and grotesque aspect to the streets. The walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel lay through an endless succession of Saracen's Heads, Royal Oaks, Blue Bears, and Golden Lambs, which disappeared when they were no longer required for the direction of the common people.

When the evening closed in, the difficulty and danger of walking about London became serious indeed. The garret windows were opened, and pails were emptied, with little regard to those who were passing below. Falls, bruises, and broken bones were of constant occurrence. For, till the last year of the reign of Charles the Second, most of the streets were left in profound darkness. Thieves and robbers plied their trade with impunity; yet they were hardly so terrible to peaceable citizens as another class of ruffians. It was a favorite amusement of dissolute young gentlemen to swagger by night about the town, breaking windows, upsetting sedans, beating quiet men, and offering rude caresses to pretty women.

The machinery for keeping the peace was utterly

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contemptible. There was an act of Common Council which provided that more than a thousand watchmen should be constantly on the alert in the city, from sunset to sunrise, and that every inhabitant should take his turn of duty. But the act was negligently executed. Few of those who were summoned left their homes; and those few generally found it more agreeable to tipple in alehouses than to pace the streets.

It ought to be noticed that, in the last year of the reign of Charles the Second, began a great change in the police of London, a change which has perhaps added as much to the happiness of the great body of the people as revolutions of much greater fame. An ingenious projector, named Edward Heming, obtained letters patent conveying to him, for a term of years, the exclusive right of lighting up London.

He undertook, for a moderate consideration, to place a light before every tenth door, on moonless nights, from six to twelve of the clock. Those who now see the capital all the year round, from dusk to dawn, blazing with splendor, may perhaps smile to think of Heming's lanterns, which glimmered feebly before one house in ten during a small part of one night in three. But such was not the feeling of his contemporaries. His scheme was enthusiastically applauded, and furiously attacked.

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The friends of improvement extolled him as the greatest of all the benefactors of his city. What, they asked, were the boasted inventions of Archimedes, when compared with the achievement of the man who had turned the nocturnal shades into noonday? In spite of these eloquent eulogies the cause of darkness was not left undefended.

There were fools in that age who opposed the introduction of what was called the new light as strenuously as fools in our age have opposed the introduction of vaccination and railroads, as strenuously as the fools of an age anterior to the dawn of history doubtless opposed the introduction of the plough, and of alphabetical writing.

The chief cause which made the fusion of the different elements of society imperfect, was the extreme difficulty which our ancestors found in passing from place to place. Of all inventions, the alphabet and the printing press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for the civilization of our species.

Every improvement of the means of locomotion benefits mankind morally and intellectually as well as materially, and not only facilitates the interchange of the various productions of nature and art, but tends to remove national and provincial antipathies, and to bind together all the branches of the

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great human family. In the seventeenth century the inhabitants of London were, for almost every practical purpose, further from Reading than they now are from Edinburgh, and further from Edinburgh than they now are from Vienna.

It was by the highways that both travellers and goods generally passed from place to place. And those highways appear to have been far worse than might have been expected from the degree of wealth and civilization which the nation had even then attained. On the best lines of communication the ruts were deep, the descents precipitous, and the way often such as it was hardly possible to distinguish, in the dusk, from the unenclosed heath and fen which lay on both sides.

The markets were often inaccessible during several months. It is said that the fruits of the earth were sometimes suffered to rot in one place, while in another place, distant only a few miles, the supply fell far short of the demand. The wheeled carriages were, in this district, generally pulled by oxen.

One chief cause of the badness of the roads seems to have been the defective state of the law. Every parish was bound to repair the highways which passed through it. The peasantry were forced to give their gratuitous labor six days in

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the year. If this was not sufficient, hired labor was employed, and the expense was met by a parochial rate. That a route connecting two great towns, which have a large and thriving trade with each other, should be maintained at the cost of the rural population scattered between them is obviously unjust.

On the best highways heavy articles were, in the time of Charles the Second, generally conveyed from place to place by stage wagons. In the straw of these vehicles nestled a crowd of passengers, who could not afford to travel by coach or on horseback, and who were prevented by infirmity, or by the weight of their luggage, from going on foot.

At the close of the reign, flying carriages ran thrice a week from London to all the chief towns. But no stage coach, indeed no stage wagon, appears to have proceeded farther north than York, or farther west than Exeter. The ordinary day's journey of a flying coach was about fifty miles in the summer, but in winter, when the ways were bad and the nights long, little more than thirty.

This mode of travelling, which by Englishmen of the present day would be regarded as insufferably slow, seemed to our ancestors wonderfully and indeed alarmingly rapid.

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In spite of the attractions of the flying coaches, it was still usual for men who enjoyed health and vigor, and who were not encumbered by much baggage, to perform long journeys on horseback. If the traveller wished to move expeditiously, he rode post.

Whatever might be the way in which a journey was performed, the travellers, unless they were numerous and well armed, ran considerable risk of being stopped and plundered. The mounted highwayman, a marauder known to our generation only from books, was to be found on every main road. The waste tracts which lay on the great routes near London were especially haunted by plunderers of this class.

It was necessary to the success and even to the safety of the highwayman that he should be a bold and skilful rider, and that his manners and appearance should be such as suited the master of a fine horse. He therefore held an aristocratical position in the community of thieves, appeared at fashionable coffee-houses and gaming-houses, and betted with men of quality on the race-ground.

All the various dangers by which the traveller was beset were greatly increased by darkness. He was therefore commonly desirous of having the shelter of a roof during the night; and such shelter it was not

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difficult to obtain. From a very early period the inns of England had been renowned.

The innkeepers, it was said, were not like other innkeepers. On the continent the landlord was the tyrant of those who crossed the threshold. In England he was a servant. Never was an Englishman more at home than when he took his ease in his inn. Even men of fortune, who might in their own mansions have enjoyed every luxury, were often in the habit of passing their evenings in the parlor of some neighboring house of public entertainment. They seem to have thought that comfort and freedom could in no other place be enjoyed in equal perfection. This feeling continued during many generations to be a national peculiarity.

No part of the load which the old mails carried out was more important than the newsletters. In 1685 nothing like the London daily paper of our time existed, or could exist. Neither the necessary capital nor the necessary skill was to be found. Freedom, too, was wanting, a want as fatal as that of either capital or skill.

The press was not indeed at that moment under a general censorship. The licensing act, which had been passed soon after the Restoration, had expired in 1679. Any person might, therefore, print, at his own risk, a history, a sermon, or a poem, without the

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previous approbation of any public officer; but the judges were unanimously of opinion that this liberty did not extend to gazettes, and that, by the common law of England, no man, not authorized by the crown, had a right to publish political news.

In the capital the coffee-houses supplied, in some measure, the place of a journal. Thither the Londoners flocked as the Athenians of old flocked to the market-place to hear whether there was any news. There men might learn how brutally a Whig had been treated the day before in Westminster Hall, what horrible accounts the letters from Edinburgh gave of the torturing of Covenanters, how grossly the navy board had cheated the crown in the victualling of the fleet, and what grave charges the Lord Privy Seal had brought against the Treasury in the matter of the hearth money.

But people who lived at a distance from the great theatre of political contention could be kept regularly informed of what was passing there only by means of newsletters. To prepare such letters became a calling in London, as it now is among the natives of India. The newswriter rambled from coffee-room to coffee-room, collecting reports, squeezed himself into the Sessions House at the Old Bailey, if there was an interesting trial, nay, perhaps obtain admission to the gallery of Whitehall, and noticed how the king and duke looked.

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In this way he gathered materials for weekly epistles, destined to enlighten some country town or some bench of rustic magistrates. Such were the sources from which the inhabitants of the largest provincial cities, and the great body of the gentry and clergy, learned almost all that they knew of the history of their own time.

Literature which could be carried by the post bag then formed the greater part of the intellectual nutriment ruminated by the country divines and country justices. The difficulty and expense of conveying large packets from place to place was so great, that an extensive work was longer in making its way from Paternoster Row to Devonshire or Lancashire, than it now is in reaching Kentucky. Few knights of the shire had libraries so good as may now perpetually be found in a servant's hall, or in the back parlor of a small shopkeeper. An esquire passed among his neighbors for a great scholar, if "Hudibras" and Baker's "Chronicle," Tarlton's "Jests," and the "Seven Champions of Christendom," lay in his hall window among the fishing-rods and fowling-pieces. No circulating library, no book society, then existed even in the capital; but in the capital those students who could not afford to purchase largely had a resource.

The shops of the great booksellers, near Saint Paul's

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Churchyard, were crowded every day and all day long with readers; and a known customer was often permitted to carry a volume home. In the country there was no such accommodation; and every man was under the necessity of buying whatever he wished to read.

As to the lady of the manor and her daughters, their literary stores generally consisted of a prayer book and a receipt book. But in truth they lost little by living in rural seclusion. For, even in the highest ranks, and in those situations which afforded the greatest facilities for mental improvement, the English women of that generation were decidedly worse educated than they have been at any other time since the revival of learning.

Nothing has as yet been said of the great body of the people, of those who held the ploughs, who tended the oxen, who toiled at the looms of Norwich, and squared the Portland stone for Saint Paul's. Nor can very much be said. The most numerous class is precisely the class respecting which we have the most meagre information. In those times philanthropists did not yet regard it as a sacred duty, nor had demagogues yet found it a lucrative trade, to expatiate on the distress of the laborer.

History was too much occupied with courts and

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camps to spare a line for the hut of the peasant or for the garret of the mechanic. The press now often sends forth in a day a greater quantity of discussion and declamation about the condition of the workingman than was published during the twenty-eight years which elapsed between the Restoration and the Revolution. But it would be a great error to infer from the increase of complaint that there has been any increase of misery.

The great criterion of the state of the common people is the amount of their wages; and, as four-fifths of the common people were, in the seventeenth century, employed in agriculture, it is especially important to ascertain what were then the wages of agricultural industry. On this subject we have the means of arriving at conclusions sufficiently exact for our purpose.

Sir William Petty, whose mere assertion carries great weight, informs us that a laborer was by no means in the lowest state who received for a day's work fourpence with food, or eightpence without food. Four shillings a week, therefore, were, according to Petty's calculation, fair agricultural wages.

The remuneration of workmen employed in manufactures has always been higher than that of the tillers of the soil. In the year 1680 a member of the

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House of Commons remarked that the high wages paid in this country made it impossible for our textures to maintain a competition with the produce of the Indian looms. An English mechanic, he said, instead of slaving like a native of Bengal for a piece of copper, exacted a shilling a day.

Of the blessings which civilization and philosophy bring with them, a large proportion is common to all ranks, and would, if withdrawn, be missed as painfully by the laborer as by the peer. The market-place which the rustic can now reach with his cart in an hour, was, a hundred and sixty years ago, a day's journey from him.

The street which now affords to the artisan, during the whole night, a secure, a convenient, and a brilliantly lighted walk, was, a hundred and sixty years ago, so dark after sunset that he would not have been able to see his hand, so ill paved that he would have run constant risk of breaking his neck, and so ill watched that he would have been in imminent danger of being knocked down and plundered of his small earnings.

Every bricklayer who falls from a scaffold, every sweeper of a crossing who is run over by a carriage, now may have his wounds dressed and his limbs set with a skill such as, a hundred and sixty years ago, all the wealth of a great lord like Ormond, or of a

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merchant prince like Clayton, could not have purchased. Some frightful diseases have been extirpated by science, and some have been banished by police. The term of life has been lengthened over the whole kingdom, and especially in the towns.

It may at first sight seem strange that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with tender regret. But these two propensities, inconsistent as they may appear, can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from our impatience of the state in which we actually are. That impatience, while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations, disposes us to overrate their happiness.

It is, in some sense, unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But, in truth, there is constant improvement precisely because there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labor, and to save with a view to the future. And it is natural that, being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a too favorable estimate of the past.

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ETHICAL TEACHINGS.

BIBLE.

AND seeing the multitudes, Jesus went up into the mountain; and when he had sat down, his disciples came unto him. And he opened his mouth and taught them saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the sons of God.

Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

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Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets that were before you.

CHINESE.

The man of perfect virtue, wishing to be established himself, seeks also to establish others; wishing to be enlarged himself, he seeks also to enlarge others.

To be able to judge of others by what is in ourselves, may be called the Art of Virtue. He who requires much from himself and little from others, will shield himself from resentment.

HINDU.

Let a man continually take pleasure in truth, in justice, in laudable practices, and in purity; let him keep in subjection his speech, his arm, and his appetite.

Wealth and pleasures repugnant to the law, let him shun; and even lawful acts which may cause future pain, or be offensive to mankind.

AFRICAN.

The world was given us for our own edification,

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Not for the purpose of raising up sumptuous buildings;

Life for the discharge of moral and religious duties,

Not for pleasurable indulgence;

Wealth to be liberally bestowed,

Not avariciously hoarded;

And learning to produce good actions,

Not empty disputes.

HEBREW.

Rejoice not when thine enemy faileth, and let not thy heart be glad when he stumbleth.

Who can deservedly be called a conqueror? He who conquers his passions, and endeavors to turn his enemy into a friend.

Thou shalt not say, "I will love the wise, but the unwise I will hate"; but thou shalt love all mankind.

What thou wouldst not like to be done to you, do not to others; this is the fundamental law.

ARABIAN.

Every good act is charity. Giving water to the thirsty is charity. Removing stones and thorns from the road is charity. Exhorting your fellow-men to virtuous deeds is charity. Putting a wanderer in

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the right path is charity. Smiling in your brother's face is charity.

A man's true wealth is the good he does in the world. When he dies, mortals will ask what property has he left behind him; but angels will inquire, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

BIBLE.

And he looked up and saw the rich men that were casting their gifts into the treasury, and he saw a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites. And he said, Of a truth I say unto you, This poor widow cast in more than they all; for all these of their superfluity cast in unto the gifts; but she of her want did cast in all the living that she had.

PERSIAN.

I saw a bunch of fresh roses tied to a dome with some grass. I said, "What is this worthless grass, that it should be in the company of roses?" The grass wept and said, "Be silent; the benevolent forget not their associates; although I have neither beauty, nor color, nor odor, still am I not the grass of God's garden? I am the servant of the munificent God, nourished from of old by his bounty."

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Hindu.

The light man will always talk big, but the excellent speaks coolly. Will gold ring like dull metal?

He who says, "I know nothing," is shrewd. He who says, "I am learned," is a talker. He who holds his peace is the wisest and the best.

Chinese.

If you are ashamed of a thing, do not do it.

Birds, when they fly, leave only a sound; man passes, and his reputation follows him.

Bible.

Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle? or who shall rest upon thy holy hill?

Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life, and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbor, and hath not slandered his neighbor.

He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes, and maketh much of them that fear the Lord.

He that sweareth unto his neighbor, and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance.

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He that hath not given his money upon usury, nor taken reward against the innocent.

Whoso doeth these things shall never fall.

PERSIAN.

Politeness is a mine destined to enrich not only those who receive, but those who dispense it.

ARABIAN.

You must not be ashamed to ask what you do not know.

A book is the best companion with which to spend your time.

He who asks from a friend more than he can do, deserves a refusal.

Temperance is a tree that has contentment for its root, and peace for its fruit.

Invariably speak the truth, even when you are aware of its being disagreeable.

He who learns sciences and does not practise what they teach, resembles a man who digs, but does not sow.

A wise man's day is worth a fool's life.

HEBREW.

Three friends man has in his life,—wealth, family, and his good actions. When in the hour of ap-

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proaching death man calls on his friends to deliver him, wealth and family avail not; but his good actions respond, "Even before thou hast asked us, we have preceded thee, and have smoothed thy way."

PERSIAN.

A certain man having made many vows which he broke, a venerable personage said to him, "I know that you make it a practice to eat a great deal, and that your inclination to restrain your appetite is weaker than a hair, whilst your appetite, in the manner you indulge it, would break a chain; but a day may come when this intemperance may destroy you. Somebody nourished a wolf's whelp, which, when full-grown, tore its master to pieces."

HINDU.

Why does he use harsh words who sees the pleasure which sweet speech yields? It is like eating unripe fruit when ripe is at hand.

Sweet speech flows from love, is free from deceit, and is the right word of the mouth of virtue.

Sweet speech with a cheerful countenance surpasses the gift of the more prosperous.

That speech which unites usefulness with sweetness diminishes evil and increases virtue.

That speech which, while imparting benefits, ceases not to please, bears earthly, bears celestial fruit.

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PERSIAN.

Abou Ben Adem — may his tribe increase!
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in the room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Adem spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
He came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed their names whom love of God had blessed —
And, lo! Ben Adem's name led all the rest.

BIBLE.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night.

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And he shall be like a tree planted by the water-side, that bringeth forth his fruit in due season.

His leaf shall not wither: and whatsoever he doeth it shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Bible.

He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him.

There is no fear in love: but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love.

We love him because he first loved us.

He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God whom he hath not seen.

Hindu.

To bear with those who revile us, even as the earth bears with those who dig it, is the first of virtues.

Bear, even when you can retaliate: to forget is still better.

To neglect hospitality is poverty of poverty. To bear with the ignorant is might of might.

If you desire that greatness should never leave you, preserve patience.

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The wise will not at all esteem the resentful. They will treasure the patient as fine gold.

The pleasure of the resentful is for a day; the praise of the patient lasts while the world lasts.

If others wrong you, compassion for their affliction should keep you from harming them.

No pious abstinence equals the abstinence of those who overcome injury by patience.

HEBREW.

Love peace and pursue peace: love mankind and bring them near unto the law. The moral condition of the world depends on three things, — Truth, Justice and Peace.

HINDU.

Foolish are they who are perpetually inquiring where the Deity resides. God dwells in all things in his fulness. Kine are of divers colors, but all milk is alike; altar flowers are of many species, but all worship is one; systems of faith are different, but God is one.

PERSIAN.

O ye who seek to solve the knot!
Ye live in God yet know him not.
Ye sit upon the river's brink,
Yet crave in vain a drop to drink.
Ye dwell beside a countless store,
Yet perish hungry at the door.

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ARABIAN.

If in prosperity you do no good, in misfortune you must suffer.

Light thy candle before the darkness comes on.

To avoid sin is better than repentance.

There is no rest for the envious.

Riches and the world will pass away; good actions will remain.

PERSIAN.

"Tell me, gentle traveller, who hast wandered through the world, and seen the sweetest roses blow, and brightest gliding rivers, — of all thine eyes have seen, which is the fairest land?"

"Child, shall I tell thee where Nature is most blest and fair? It is where those we love abide. Though that space be small, ample is it above kingdoms; though it be a desert, through it runs the river of Paradise, and there are the enchanted bowers."

CHINESE.

To enjoy the pleasures of wealth, you ought first to partake the bitterness of labor.

Every grain of rice you eat has been watered by the sweat of the laborer.

BIBLE.

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

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Depart from evil and do good; seek peace and pursue it.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil.

ARABIAN.

On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled:
So live that, sinking in thy long last sleep,
Thou then mayest smile, while all around thee weep.

BIBLE.

Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil: that put darkness for light, and light for darkness: that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter.

Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight.

Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink.

Which justify the wicked for a reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him!

As the fire devoureth the stubble, as the flame consumeth the chaff, so their blossom shall go up as the dust.

But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as

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eagles: they shall run and not be weary: they shall walk and not faint.

BUDDHA.

To be charitable, act virtuously, be helpful to relatives, and to lead an innocent life: these are excellencies.

To be pure, temperate, and persevering in good deeds: these are excellencies.

HEBREW.

Imitate God in his goodness. Be towards thy fellow-creatures as he is towards the whole creation. Clothe the naked; heal the sick; comfort the afflicted; be a brother to the children of thy Father.

ARABIAN.

Give full measure when you measure, and weigh with a just balance.

Follow not that of which thou hast no knowledge.

Of knowledge, only a little to you is given.

Walk not proudly in the earth.

To him who is of kin render his due, also to the poor and to the wayfarer; yet waste not.

PERSIAN.

The character of a wise man consists in three things: to do himself what he tells others to do;

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to act on no occasion contrary to justice; and to bear with the weakness of those around him.

BIBLE.

The Lord will bless the righteous, with favor will he compass him as with a shield.

He will judge the world in righteousness; he will minister judgment to the people in uprightness.

He will be a refuge in times of trouble.

He forgetteth not the cry of the humble;

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness.

Depart from evil and do good; and dwell for evermore.

The wicked walk on every side, when the vilest men are exalted.

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.

My mouth shall speak of wisdom; and the meditation of my heart shall be of understanding.

Man that is in honor, and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish.

Give us help from trouble, for vain is the help of man.

If riches increase, set not your heart upon them.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy clouds drop fatness.

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They shall drop upon the dwellings of the wilderness, and the little hills shall rejoice on every side.

The folds shall be full of sheep; the valleys also shall stand so thick with corn, that they shall laugh and sing.

He is a Father of the fatherless, and defendeth the cause of the widows.

He shall deliver the poor when he crieth · the needy also, and him that hath no helper.

My song shall be of mercy and judgment;

I will take no wicked thing in hand.

I hate the sins of unfaithfulness;

There shall no such cleave unto me.

Mine eyes look upon such as are faithful in the land,

And they shall dwell with me.

There shall no deceitful person dwell in my house;

He that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight.

Bless the Lord, O my soul,

And forget not all his benefits;

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;

Who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;

Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

And his mercy is from everlasting to everlasting,

Upon them that fear him and keep his covenant.

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THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

IT was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
With his pipe in his mouth,
And watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

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Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain,
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

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"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

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She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she strove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us from all a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

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INDEPENDENCE BELL. — JULY 4, 1776.

[When the Declaration of Independence was adopted by Congress, the event was announced by ringing the old State-House bell, which bore the inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof!" The old bellman stationed his little grandson at the door of the hall, to await the instructions of the door-keeper when to ring. At the word, the young patriot rushed out, and clapping his hands, shouted, "*Ring!* RING! RING!"]

THERE was a tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down, —
People gathered at the corners,
Where they whisper'd each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State-House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

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"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"O, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they surged against the State-House,
While all solemnly inside
Sat the Continental Congress,
Truth and reason for their guide.
O'er a simple scroll debating,
Which, though simple it might be,
Yet should shake the cliffs of England
With the thunders of the free.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-scepter'd sway,
So he sat, with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye could catch the signal,
The long-expected news to tell.

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See, see! the dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthen'd line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hush'd the people's swelling murmur,
Whilst the boy cries joyously;
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring, grandpapa,
Ring! O, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly, at the given signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly-gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious liberty arose!

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That old State-House bell is silent,
Hush'd is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awaken'd
Still is living, — ever young;
And, when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out, loudly, "Independence";
Which, please God, shall never die!

A LOST CHORD.

SEATED one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wander'd idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fever'd spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.

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It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seem'd the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It link'd all perplex'd meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And enter'd into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

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